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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

CONCERT

Temperance Exercises;

OR,

HELPS FOR ENTERTAINMENTS.

A Collection of Exercises suitable for use in Sunday-schools, Day-schools, Bands of Hope, Loyal Temperance Legions, Juvenile Temples, and all Children's Organizations.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

L. PENNEY,

Editor of "Rallying Songs for Young Teetotalers," "Juvenile Temperance Reciter," Nos. 1, 2, and 3, "Readings and Recitations," Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, "The National Temperance Orator," etc.

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NEW YORK:

The National Temperance Society and Publication House,

58 READE STREET.

1890.

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PRESS OF
E. O. JENKINS' SON
NEW YORK.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Amendment Alphabet, The	25
Apple Party, An	27
Best Class, The	44
Beware of the Saloons	154
Conflict, The	47
Children's Watch-Meeting, The	93
Christmas Entertainment, A	126
Days of the Week, The	9
Dare to Do Right	56
Don't Leave Out the Girls	67
Dibble's Dilemma; or, How King Dabble got over the Trouble	147
For God and Home and Native Land	70
Go Forward	39
Little Things	59
Murmurs of Complaint	24
Months, The	63
Our Motto	20
Our Year	78

PAGE

Patriotic Exercise, A.... 98

Questions Answered from God's Word..... 41

Starting a New Colony..... 14
Sign the Pledge..... 52
Suasion and Persuasion..... 57
Seasons, The..... 108
Story of the Nativity, The..... 111

Ten Little Temperance Boys..... 8
Temperance Clock, A..... 36
Trees and Choppers..... 72
Temperance or Intemperance..... 103
Twiddle, Twaddle..... 115

Welcome Exercise, A..... 5
What We Mean to Do..... 31
While the Sun Shines..... 61
When I am Twenty-one..... 65
Water-Drops and Wine-Drops..... 85

CONCERT

TEMPERANCE EXERCISES.

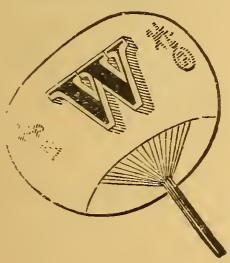
A WELCOME EXERCISE,

For Opening of Meeting.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

For seven little girls, who should all be of the same height. Each should carry a Japanese fan with the letter she represents painted on boldly in black. The letter should be hidden from audience as she appears; and the fan carried in left hand, and when raised held against right shoulder. Each child comes in separately, recites her verse, and remains standing, facing the audience, till all have recited.

FIRST GIRL, WITH LETTER W.



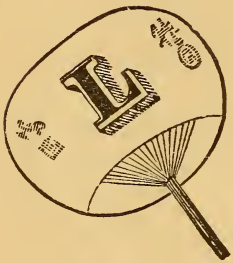
I have a little story,
And they sent me out to tell it.
But, as it's all in one big word,
I guess we'd better spell it.
So I begin with W,
(Raises fan with letter toward audience,)
Which means that we—that we—

SECOND GIRL, WITH LETTER E, *comes forward and looks at first girl as she recites.*



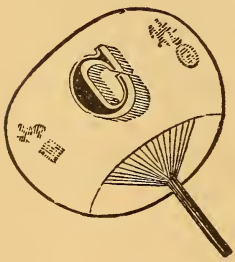
Cannot be spelled, you little goose,
Without the letter E.
(Raises fan and stands in line with first girl, facing audience.)

THIRD GIRL, WITH LETTER L, *comes forward and stands beside* E.



Love one another, that's my text,
And Love begins with L.
(Raises fan.)
Remember that. But that is not
The word we come to spell.

FOURTH GIRL, WITH LETTER C, *comes forward and stands beside* L.



Contentment leads to happiness,
And I'm content to be
The one who brings—to help you spell—
The pretty letter—C.

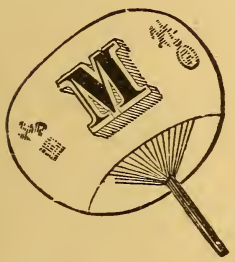
FIFTH GIRL, WITH LETTER O, *comes forward and stands beside* C.



Order is Heaven's first law, they say,
And that is true, you know.
But as I'm but a cipher, I
Shall only add an O.

(Raises fan.)

SIXTH GIRL, WITH LETTER M, *comes forward and stands beside* O.

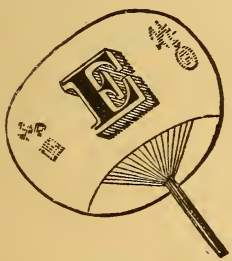


Mercy and truth go hand in hand,

(Raises fan.)

I ask you, then, to take
Our pledge, and help us conquer rum,
For truth and mercy's sake.

SEVENTH GIRL, WITH LETTER E, *comes forward and stands beside* M.



Enough! The word is finished
By uniting all its parts.

(Raises fan.)

We spell it on our pretty fans.

ALL TOGETHER IN UNISON.

And mean it in our hearts.

As they recite this last line together, each girl should place her right hand on her heart, and all bow to the audience as the last word is spoken.

TEN LITTLE TEMPERANCE BOYS.

For Ten Little Boys.

BY IDA M. BUXTON.

This, if well rendered, is very taking. It commences by one boy reciting the first verse. As he takes up the last word he is joined by another little boy, who runs or walks very quickly to join him. Together they recite the second verse, and are quickly joined by another boy; the three take up the third verse. In this way the number of boys increases at each verse, till at the last they number ten. They should be careful to speak boldly and in unison, and at the last two verses take hold of hands, forming a semicircle.

One little temperance boy, to his work so true,
Pledged another little boy—then there were two.

Two little temperance boys, from bad habits free,
Got another boy to join them—then there were three.

Three little temperance boys, never drank nor swore,
Taught a boy he must not smoke—then there were four.

Four little temperance boys, to their work alive,
Helped another boy be good—then there were five.

Five little temperance boys, eyes so very bright,
Soon started number six on the road to right.

Six little temperance boys, looking up to heaven,
Cheered a playmate on the way—then there were seven.

Seven little temperance boys, all rum they hate,
Told a fellow of the wrong—then there were eight.

Eight little temperance boys, touch not, taste not wine,
Asked a schoolmate not to drink—then there were nine.

Nine little temperance boys learned the truth, and then
Told it to another boy—so there were ten.

Ten little temperance boys, working hand-in-hand,
To drive strong drink away from our native land,

Ask you all to help them, work with all your might :
Never fear nor falter ; God is with the right.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

A Kitchen-Garden Exercise for Seven Little Girls.

BY MATTIE MC CASLIN.

Each character must wear a crown bearing the name of the day she represents ; the one for SUNDAY *being larger and handsomer than the others. In the centre of the stage an altar marked* "LABOR."

1. MONDAY *(carrying a wash-board).*

I am a very busy day,
I am just after Sunday ;
But many people slander me,
And say I am blue Monday.
I play upon an instrument,
If every one would use—
The wash-board good—
They never would
Be troubled with the blues.

2. TUESDAY *(carrying an ironing-board).*

Good-evening, sister, here I am,
And I have work to do ;
For, though the clothes are nicely washed,
They must be ironed, too.
I starch and iron everything,
And put them all away.
So you will see
That I must be
A very busy day.

3. WEDNESDAY *(carrying a rolling-pin).*

Dear me, I have so much to do!
I must be on my feet.
Though clothes are washed, and ironed, too,
They're never fit to eat.
I make the bread, the cake, the pies,
Doughnuts and cookies, too ;
With flour and spice,
And all things nice,
I work as well as you.
But in no cake, or pie, or pudding fine,
Do I put the least drop of brandy or wine.

4. THURSDAY *(carrying knitting or sewing).*

There's something left for me to do,
Which I will never shirk.
I cut and fit,
And sew and knit,
Such is my daily work.

What children wear
They often tear ;
When other work is through,
With thimble, thread,
And needle bright,
I make them good as new.

5. Friday *(carrying a broom).*

Some call me an unlucky day ;
I don't know why they should,
When oft they turn around and say
That I am Friday Good.
I wipe the doors
And sweep the floors,
The house I overhaul,
To pave the way
For Saturday,
The busiest of all.

6. Saturday *(carrying wooden pail and scrubbing-brush).*

I am the biggest work-day,
I make things splash and splatter,
With scour and scrub,
And rub-a-dub,
On floor and tin and platter.
But I must make things nice and clean
For our dear sister-guest,
The Sabbath-day, of all the rest
The sweetest and the best.

7. SUNDAY *(carrying an open Bible, passes slowly before all the days, beginning with* SATURDAY, *and then stands at the head beside* MONDAY*).*

My sisters, dear, you all are here,
Each in your proper space.
The last shall yet be first, you know,
And so I take my place.
On Sabbath-day
No work or play
Should lure us from the duty
Of serving Him who made this earth,
So full of life and beauty.

Beginning with SATURDAY, *they approach the altar of* LABOR, *one by one, and lay their emblems upon it, the open Bible on top. They then join hands and circle slowly around the altar, singing to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."*

We come one by one
With our duties so plain,
And when we are gone
We will ne'er come again.
Improve then each moment,
Each hour, each day ;
For slowly but surely
We're passing away.

They retire, one by one, beginning with SATURDAY, *still singing softly the chorus :*

Each day, passing away ;
For ever and ever we're passing away.

The music, with organ accompaniment, dies away softly.

MOTION EXERCISE.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

I.

RIGHT hand,[1] left hand,[2]
What can you do?
Little deeds of kindness,
All the day through.
Touching not tobacco,
Cider, beer, or wine,
Even with the tips of
These fingers[3] of mine.
Shake hands all hands,[4] here we do agree,
From bad habits ever to be free.

II.

Right foot,[5] left foot,[6]
What can you do?
Try to walk the straight path,
All the day through.
Turning not aside, with
Evil ones to stray,
In the sinful mazes
Of the drunkard's way.
Right foot,[5] left foot,[6] you are in the Band.
On the side of temperance take your stand.

III.

Gently folding our hands,[7]
This we can do;

Loving Saviour, keep us,
All the day through.
Ever guide our young feet
Far from every snare,
Day-time and night-time,
By Thy tender care.
Right hand,[8] left hand,[9] clapping merrily ;[10]
Right foot, left foot, tapping cheerily.[11]
All hands, clasp hands![12] for the cause unite ;
Forward! march! King Alcohol to fight.[13]

MOTIONS.—Verse I. 1 Hold up right hand. 2 Hold up left hand. 3 Hold up both hands, palms inward, and fingers spread. 4 Shake hands with neighbor on either side.

Verse II. 5 Extend right foot. 6 Extend left foot.

Verse III. 7 Put hands together as in prayer. 8 Hold up right hand. 9 Hold up left hand. 10 Clap hands. 11 Tap floor gently with right foot and then left foot. 12 All clasp hands. 13 All march round the room, keeping step to quick music from instrument; which should be continued for five minutes or more.

STARTING A NEW COLONY.

For Ten Boys.

ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK, FROM A RECITATION BY THOMAS CAMP.

The leader of the meeting should give the first verse in explanation, and retire. A table with papers, books, and legal documents should be on one side, beside which sits the President of the Colony. Each applicant comes up to the President bearing symbols of his office or work, and after he is accepted, steps aside. The rejected ones retire.

LEADER.

A company did once agree
To found a model Colony ;

And this important law they made :
Not to admit a dangerous trade.
So when their plans were all complete,
They at the entrance took their seat.
Then called the traders, who had come
To make this favored place their home,
And begged them to enumerate
The duties each to undertake.

President of Colony *(who looks very wise).*

Step forward, friends, we wish to know
What kind of labor you can do.

Farmer *(bearing hoe and spade).*

I clear the soil, and plow and sow,
And fence, and drain, and reap, and mow.

President.

Pass in, good friend, you're welcome here,
And may you prosper year by year.
Ah ! here comes another applicant.
Mr. Builder, we wish to know
The work which you propose to do.

Builder *(carrying plane and saw).*

I build your houses, barns, and stables,
And make your cupboards, chairs, and tables.

President.

Pass in, pass in, you're welcome here,
Your handiwork will soon appear.

Here comes another, heavy laden,
Perhaps he carries what we don't trade in.
Pray, Mr. Justweight, will you tell us
The various goods you mean to sell us?

STORE-KEEPER *(carrying soap-box and various bags and packages).*

I deal in sugar, tea, and rice,
In candles, bacon, soap, and spice,
In calicoes, and ready-mades,
And handbills, reaphooks, prongs, and spades.

PRESIDENT.

Stay, friend—do you intend to link
With USEFUL goods, the sale of DRINK?

STORE-KEEPER.

O no, that trade I'll ne'er pursue,
I'm pledged—see, here's the "bit of blue."

PRESIDENT.

All right, stand firm—your wares we need;
Be just and true, and you'll succeed.
Ah! there comes a man, a lover of books,
Both wise and sensible, to judge from his looks.
Now, sir, you'll please to communicate
The duties you will undertake.

SCHOOLMASTER *(carrying Dictionary and armful of books).*

I'll teach your children, as they come,
To spell, and read, and write, and sum.
I'll urge them every vice to shun,
And in the path of virtue run.

PRESIDENT.

Come in, brother, you're welcome here,
We greet you with a hearty cheer.
Here comes another with bag and bottle,
Diseases dire he loves to throttle.
Tell us, Doctor, how you intend
Your time and talents to expend.

DOCTOR *(carrying small medicine-satchel and box of pills and plasters).*

With powders, plasters, draughts, and pills,
I am prepared to cure your ills:
Whate'er they are, I treat them all
Without a dose of alcohol.

PRESIDENT.

Bravo! Doctor—we welcome you,
Although you'll not find much to do.
The next to come I know full well;
The way of life he loves to tell.
Mr. Lovesoul, you'll please make known
The course of action you've laid down.

MINISTER *(carrying Bible and hymn-book).*

My mission is to preach and pray,
To point to heaven, and lead the way.
To soothe the sick, the sad, the sighing,
And proffer comfort to the dying.

PRESIDENT.

Enough, good man; we all shall need
A guide like you—a friend, indeed.

[*As he steps aside,* MR. LIQUOR-SELLER *hurries in and attempts to pass by the* PRESIDENT, *to join the group of accepted applicants.*]

PRESIDENT.

Pray who are you, with pot and glass?
You must be tested, ere you pass.

LIQUOR-SELLER *(carrying demijohn and beer-bottles).*

I deal in spirits, wine, and ale,
And reap large profits by the sale:
'Tis true my traffic often leads
To vile, and even bloody deeds.
But if the fools will drink and fall,
'Tis their lookout, not mine at all:
But don't forget with these dark things
The labor which my business brings;
Our magistrates and brave police
Would cease to act, should drinking cease.
No jail officials would be hired,
Nor would the hangman be required.
Admit me, and you'll quickly see
How busy all this class would be.

PRESIDENT *(rising and speaking excitedly).*

Stand off, you troubler—come not near;
We'll have no drunkard-maker here.
Within your liquor's treacherous power,
No one is safe a single hour
'Twould be a curse, disgrace, and trouble,
And make our taxes more than double.

Give up your mischief-making trade,
Which dupe and dealer both degrade.
Better to dig, or thresh, or drive,
Than on drink's guilty gains to thrive.

[*Close behind the* LIQUOR-SELLER *comes the* PAWNBROKER, *carrying bundles of old clothing.*]

PRESIDENT.

We ask you clearly to explain
How you intend your bread to gain.

PAWNBROKER.

My calling, sir, is close allied
To Rum-seller's, whom you've set aside.
He, thoughtless man, sells drink to any
As long as they have got a penny.
Then these poor souls at early dawn
Creep forth to me their clothes to pawn.
My heart is moved when I perceive
Their wretchedness—it makes me grieve.
So to relieve their pressing woes,
I let them pawn their children's clothes.
If I refuse their case to meet,
Large numbers would have naught to eat.
Of course I charge for what I do,
Which lifts me up, whilst down they go.

PRESIDENT.

We've heard enough, your plea is clever;
Drink-shops and yours exist together.

Directly this great drink curse falls,
Directly fade the golden balls.
As your success depends on gin,
We must refuse to let you in.

(Addressing those accepted.)

Now, brother townsmen, close the gates,
A glorious future for us waits;
We've naught to hurt us, naught to fear,
Whilst we exclude gin, wine, and beer.
We'll now to God our work commend,
And may His smile on us descend.

OUR MOTTO.

A Part-Piece for Four Juvenile Templars—Two Boys and Two Girls.

BY THOMAS R. THOMPSON.

Prepare on stiff paper pasteboard of suitable size the words "Our Motto" to hang upon a frame or upon the wall. On three other pieces the words "Truth, Love, Purity," one word on each, and recite as follows, keeping the lettered side of the card away from the audience; cards to be handed at the proper time to person presiding, who will hang them up in the order given.

FIRST BOY, WITH CARD "OUR MOTTO."

WE stand together here to-night,
Two boys, two girls, and we'll recite
A verse apiece, and you shall hear
The motto we all hold so dear.

My turn comes first, that's why I start :
And then will follow close each part.
The Temple children you may know—
There! I was told to make a bow.

(*Be careful not to make a bow at this point.*)

But never mind, I did not, so
I think we'll let the matter go.
I'll say my piece, then, all the same
And shoulder like a man all blame.
We Templar boys and girls repeat
Our triple pledge each week we meet ;
We love the temperance cause :
And in the Temple try to learn ;
That we in time may take our turn
In Templar work to save mankind,
And shape the nation's laws.
I have a card, as you may see :

(*Hold up blank side to audience.*)

It comes before the other three.

(*The three should here hold up theirs, blank side to audience.*)

I think we'll hang it right up now :
I've said my piece, I'll make my bow.

(*Gives card to person presiding, to hang up.*)

SECOND BOY, WITH CARD "TRUTH."

Our motto is made up of words,
They are not very long :
But O, how much they always mean,
For good,—how great, how strong.

Would you o'er sin and death prevail,
  Accept the first, I pray.
It never yet was known to fail
  Or lead mankind astray.
The Templar boys, the Templar girls,
  In Temples far and wide
Accept the word and all it means
(*Hands card to person presiding.*)
  And by the truth abide.

FIRST GIRL, WITH CARD "LOVE."

Another word, to follow "Truth":
  Upon this card I bear.
(*Here hold up card, blank side to audience.*)
A central word on which depends
Your happiness and mine, dear friends;
  A word we cannot spare.
An attribute of God divine,
To purify your life, and mine,
  Whilst here on earth.
And when in turn we come to die,
And reign with God above the sky,
  We all shall know its worth.
So we will hang right up in sight
This grand incentive of the right,
(*Give card to be hung up.*)
  That all here now may see
Whate'er their color, creed, or size,
This principle the Templar's prize,
  The second one of three.

SECOND GIRL, WITH CARD "PURITY."

The lilies neither toil nor spin,
Their nature God controls ;
And He will guide and save from sin
Our precious ransomed souls.
"The pure in heart" shall see the Lord,
And reign with Him above.
And so another kindred word
We place with "Truth and Love."

(*Here give card to be hung up. The four repeat in concert as follows.*)

Before our eyes we always see
Our "Motto" clear and bright.
For TRUTH and LOVE and PURITY
We pray, and work, and fight.
And week by week in Templar bands
We gather far and near
In this, and many other lands—
Just as you see us here.
Then give us of your help, dear friends,
Assist the best you can ;
The future of our land depends
On what we do and plan.

MURMURS OF COMPLAINT.

For Five Characters.

LITTLE GIRL, *holding bunch of rye.*

"OH my! oh my!" said the pretty rye,
"I feel bad enough to have a good cry.
I thought I was meant to be used for food,
And was planted and grown to do some good.
But now, when I've done my best, just think!
I'm converted into a nasty drink.
If I had known about this last fall
I really don't think I'd have grown at all."

LITTLE GIRL, *carrying ears of corn.*

A stalk of corn bowed its graceful head,
And sighed, "I almost wish I were dead!
For the same disgraceful fate, I fear,
Awaits my every ripening ear.
'Tis a burning shame to use us so,
And force us for such a base purpose to grow."

LITTLE GIRL, *carrying basket of hops.*

A murmur arose on the summer air,
A murmur of sorrow, and grief, and despair,
Among the hop-vines, as they trembled with fear,
For they knew they were doomed to make ale and beer;
And they mourned that in all their beauty and pride
They must be on the brewers' and drunkards' side.

LITTLE GIRL, *carrying basket of grapes and apples.*

Then the grape-vines and apple-trees looked around,
And shook from their topmost leaves to the ground,
As the farmer talked of the cider and wine
He should make in the fall from each tree and vine.

Either a BOY *or* GIRL, *stepping in front of the four who have recited.*

Let us pray and work for the happy day
When temperance folks can have their way
All through our land, from east to west
(For temperance folks know what is best) ;
And by the time that we're all grown
'Twill be the best country that ever was known.

THE AMENDMENT ALPHABET.

BY HATTIE D. CASTLE.

For nine little girls or boys. Each to have a cardboard suspended round the neck with the letter they represent painted in large letters, or the letters may be painted on Japanese fans.

A STANDS for all ;
And we ask one and all
To join the good fight
Against King Alcohol.

M stands for men ;
And we ask them to-night

To stand up for temperance,
And "dare to do right."

E stands for earnest;
May I, and may you,
Be earnest and honest,
Sober and true.

(*Turning* N.)

You think these letters spell *amen*,
And that's the place to stop; but then
Just wait until we're all in sight,
Then say "Amen!" with all your might.

D stands for drunkard;
We wish there were none;
We think there'll be fewer
Before we are done.

M stands for merry,
As many will be
When from this evil
Our country is free.

E stands for enter;
We pray never more
Our loved ones may enter
The rum-seller's door.

N stands for never;
We'll never give o'er
Till the strong arm of law
Shuts the rum-seller's door.

T stands for triumph ;
'Tis coming, 'tis nigh ;
A glorious triumph
We'll have by and by.

AN APPLE PARTY.

An Anti-Cider Entertainment.

For Twelve Characters.

BY E. L. BENEDICT.

Over the platform stretch a piece of green cloth, so as to form a canopy, high enough to be out of the way of the tallest participant. A few yards of green cambric or strong mosquito-netting will do. Into this fasten small leafy branches and twigs from the apple-tree. And to these attach some apples by cords fastened to the stems.

Around the sides of the platform, hang festoons of dried apples, made by running a string through the pared quarters. In the centre place a table containing all the various dishes mentioned in the exercise, and as many more as can be provided.

The speakers enter at one side of the table, take from it the dish that illustrates their respective parts, and hold it while they speak. After which the dish may be returned to the table, the speaker passing to the other end of the platform, and remaining until all have spoken.

First Speaker (*holding up a large rosy apple.*)

This is an apple, juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

Second Speaker.

This is a dish of apple-sauce,
Made (without an atom of loss)

From ripe rosy apples, both tart and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

THIRD SPEAKER.

Here are some apples baked, you see,
A most excellent dish for dinner or tea.
When dressed with cream that's rich and sweet,
They are fit for a king or a queen to eat.

FOURTH SPEAKER.

This is a big, round apple-pie,
For a piece of which I often sigh.
'Tis made of apples, so juicy and sweet,
It were fit for a king or a queen to eat.

FIFTH SPEAKER.

This is a dish of marmalade,
Which I, with mother's help, have made
Out of some apples, juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

SIXTH SPEAKER.

This is a dumpling, which, as you know,
Is made of flour mixed up into dough,
And slices of apples, juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

SEVENTH SPEAKER.

This is a jelly, see it shake?
'Tis a joy to taste, though a task to make,

For the apple-juice must be made so sweet!—
Or else it will never be fit to eat.

EIGHTH SPEAKER.

This is an apple johnny-cake,
Which I will teach you how to make :
You mix cornmeal and water, as thick
As you can conveniently stir with a stick,
Then bake with chopped apples, juicy and sweet,
'Tis fit for a king or a queen to eat.

NINTH SPEAKER.

Here is an apple pyramid,
Within it raisins and almonds are hid.
In each of these apples so juicy and sweet,
A king or a queen would be glad to eat.

TENTH SPEAKER.

This is something we call *Brown Ben ;*
You take ripe apples, as many as ten,
And pare and quarter and put in a dish,
With crumbs of bread, and crusts too, if you wish,
Then stew until all is juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

ELEVENTH SPEAKER.

You've learned to make dumplings and marmalade,
Now I'd like to tell you how cider is made.
First, up in a tree all clean and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat,

Grow the ripe rosy apples, all juicy and sweet.
But a man comes along, and down to the ground
Shakes big and little, and rotten and sound,
Then hustles them up into barrels and bags,
With sticks and leaves, and hairs and rags,
And various things, which help to fill
The old wagon-box for the cider-mill.
The apples there are dumped on the floor,
Where they lie and rot for a week or more ;
Then into the hopper they're let fall,
Rot and dirt and worms and all.
And round and round are ground into mush,
And fall to a trough below, all slush.
From here the miller shovels the mess,
With a dirty old scoop, to a dirty old press ;
And there it is squeezed till the juice runs out,
To a barrel below through a dirty old spout.
Then when it has stood in the barrel some days,
Till all the good that's left in it decays,
The stuff, called cider, is sold, don't you think!
To people who're told it is good to drink!

TWELFTH SPEAKER.

It doesn't appear to me very wise
To take all those apples that ought to make pies,
And grind them all up into filthy old swill,
And sell them to folks with small wit and small will.
If I was a farmer I'd feed them or dry them,
Or put them in cans, or pickle or fry them,
Or fix them in some manner, dainty and sweet,
And sell them to sensible people to eat.

(*All sing, to the tune of "Never Say Fail."*)

O yes, I like apples, all juicy and sweet,
Not any cider for me,
I'm sure they were made just on purpose to eat,
Not any cider for me.
In pies or in puddings they're fit for a king,
In cider they're turned to a poisonous thing.
Apples for me, apples for me,
But, thank you, no cider for me.

WHAT WE MEAN TO DO.

An Exercise for Eleven Characters—An Adult, Five Boys, and Five Girls.

BY W. H. SWINGLER.

CHAIRMAN.

Here's a band of youthful pilgrims just starting out in life,
They don't expect to get through it without their share of strife;
They've all made up their minds to do their very best,
And if they each succeed I know they will be blest.
So now in turn they'll each narrate what they intend to do. (*Turning to first girl:*)
And now, my little maid, we will first hear from you.

First Girl.

I'm such a little wee thing, it's scarcely fair to ask,
But since you have desired me, sir, I'll not deny the task;
I'd go through all back streets and courts of this big busy town,
And search out all the hungry poor, the careworn, and cast-down,
I'd feed and warmly clothe them all; console and comfort too,
And if I'm only rich enough, that's what I mean to do.

First Boy.

I'd go through our big thoroughfares on some wet dismal night,
And gather all those wretched waifs who sorely grieve my sight;
I mean those ragged, starving ones, compelled to stay out late
To beg, or steal, or matches sell,—I pity much their fate—
That brutal parents may get drink, and beat them black and blue,
I'd put them all to decent trades, that's what I mean to do.

Second Girl.

I'd go through all the hospitals, and wretched hovels too,
Where sickness is, or anywhere where duty called I'd go;

I'd whisper words of comfort, and soothe those racked
with pain,
I'd minister to every need, and try with might and main
To calm the fever-heated brain, and ease the aching
brow;
As soon as I am old enough, that's what I mean to do.

SECOND BOY.

I'd go to those in bondage held—the wretched slaves of
drink,
And win them back to sober lives, whatever they might
think;
I'd try to get the liquor-sellers to open coffee-halls,
And banish every trace of drink that has disgraced their
walls;
I'd spend my life in helping all that strong drink has
brought low
With shattered health and ruined homes—that's what I
mean to do.

THIRD GIRL.

I'd go to those whose early life has all neglected been,
Whose squalid homes so plainly tell—the women-folk I
mean,—
The want of method, tact, and skill, in cooking or in
dress;
I'd teach them how to make and mend, and make their
muddle less,
To manage well, make both ends meet, and meet their
husbands too
With smiling face, instead of frowns,—that's what I
mean to do.

THIRD BOY.

I'd likewise to the sterner sex this safe advice apply :
If man and wife would happy be, it is for both to try,
For happy homes can only come where men will take their share
Of joint responsibilities and ease their wives of care ;
Remembering what is good for man is good for woman too ;
To comfort give and care divide, is what I mean to do.

FOURTH BOY.

I'd pull down all the fever-dens and in their place you'd see
I'd make wide healthy streets, build schools, and make them free ;
Would educate and not condemn, find honest men employ,
I'd make the lazy earn their bread—at least I could but try—
I'd purity in food enforce, have cleanly dwellings too,
To make this big world better, that's what I hope to do.

FOURTH GIRL.

And I would of the aged think—I may be old some day,
I'd try to cheer their closing years and lighten up the way.
Once they were young as I am now, their steps were blithe and gay,
Their faces full as round as mine, they were not always gray ;

I've seen some thoughtless boys and girls delight to cause them woe,
But I'll protect and shield the old, that's what I mean to do.

FIFTH BOY.

I'd try the poor dumb brutes to save, that suffer so much wrong,
And punish those who punish them, the weak ones or the strong.
Their cruel tormentors I would teach, that if they can't complain
It is because no speech have they to indicate their pain ;
Well feeding them I'd make them strong, and coax to make them go,
And every time I get the chance, that's what I mean to do.

FIFTH GIRL.

I'd try to make men Christians first, for then they would be good,
The vicious would be virtuous, the hungry would have food ;
Dumb things would then be treated well, and poverty would cease,
Each for another's good would seek, and strife give place to peace ;
There'd be no drunken people then, and men would honest be ;
The sick would also comfort find, no lazy should we see ;

Neglected homes there would be none, and women make
good wives ;
Husbands their wives esteem and help, and love attend
their lives ;
The old folks would be well cared for, so would the
young ones too ;
To spend my life for Jesus' sake, is what I mean to do.

CHAIRMAN.

Good resolutions all can make, but if you would succeed,
'Tis God alone can give success—the very help we need ;
Then you should all determine true wisdom to pursue,
And if you strive to do His will, He'll help you so to do.

All sing, "There's Work to be Done," on page 17 *of "Rallying Songs for Young Teetotalers."*

A TEMPERANCE CLOCK.

For Twelve Little Children.

BY MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.

All together in concert.

"WE are but minutes, little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
On which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute will e'er come back.
Tick! tick! tick! tick!
Are wings on which we fly.

"We are but minutes, use us well,
How we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes has hours to use,
Who loses minutes must hours lose.
Tick! tick! tick! tick!
Are wings on which we fly."

The above would be more effective if it is used as a chorus, the music of which is found in "Infant Songs." At the words "tick, tick," etc., imitate the movement of pendulum with the forefinger of right hand. Strike the hours in chords on a piano before each verse.

FIRST CHILD.

What says the clock when it strikes one?
Abstain, says the clock; beware of rum!

SECOND CHILD.

What says the clock when it strikes two?
Look not, look not, it says to you.

THIRD CHILD.

What says the clock when it strikes three?
Who hath sorrow? it asks of thee.

FOURTH CHILD.

What do you hear as it strikes four?
Wine is a mocker; avoid its door.

FIFTH CHILD.

What says the clock with its fivefold ring?
Beware of alcohol's serpent sting.

SIXTH CHILD.

What says the clock as it strikes six?
The mind of the drinker is in a sad fix.

SEVENTH CHILD.

As it strikes seven what does it say?
The poison of asps is found that way.

EIGHTH CHILD.

What says the clock as it strikes eight?
That will be the drunkard's fate.

NINTH CHILD.

What says the clock in striking nine?
That drinking will wealth undermine.

TENTH CHILD.

What does it say as we listen to ten?
That sorrow will make it bitter to men.

ELEVENTH CHILD.

What do you hear at the stroke of eleven?
Look not on rum if you'd look on heaven.

TWELFTH CHILD.

Twelve, when twelve is tolled?
Sell not thy neighbor's soul for gold.

GO FORWARD.

BY E. MURRAY.

Before this Exercise is rendered, when the leader of the meeting announces it, he must also give the Bible text:

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." All that the Lord hath spoken we will do.

FIRST GIRL.

We will obey.
Forward we go, although our feet must tread
The Red Sea sands, yea, through the waters led,
While round our way
Thunder the angry waves and toss in wrath
Their foam upon our long and dangerous path;
Yet, since the Lord has said it, we will go.
Let all the ocean billows overflow.

SECOND GIRL.

We will obey.
Forward we go in Wisdom. Height on height
Our feet attain, in pressing to the light.
And day by day

Deeps open round us, new mysterious things
As strange, as vast as rainbowed angel wings,
The wonders which the sun and moon may teach,
The learning hidden in the ancient speech.

THIRD GIRL.

We will obey.
Forward we go in Goodness. Every year
Each step brings heaven's Paradise more near,
And every day
We trample underneath our feet sin's mire,
And grow more perfect, rising high and higher,
Until our clean feet midst the lilies tread,
And clean hearts meet God's glory overhead.

FOURTH GIRL.

We will obey.
Forward we go in Temperance. Not alone ;
Our little band to many thousands grown.
Without delay
We fight the ranks of evil, keep the vow
With pledge unbroken and with fearless brow.
Our young lips taste no foul Egyptian wine,
Our happy eyes with life eternal shine.

FIFTH GIRL.

We will obey.
When sinks upon the sand our latest sun,
When all the travel and the waiting done,
From far away

Calls our Lord's voice, "Come to fair Canaan's land,"
We will not fear or linger on the strand,
But fearlessly cross the Jordan's tide;
We will go forward to the other side.

—*Good Times.*

QUESTIONS ANSWERED FROM GOD'S WORD.

A Responsive Exercise.

BY S. J. CONDICT.

This will be found very effective as Exercise for Primary Classes. The answers to be given in concert by entire class.

FIRST CHILD.

LITTLE children, early seeking
What to do and where to go,
Is there light to guide their footsteps,
And a pathway plain to show?

ANSWER.—*By Class or School.*—"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

SECOND CHILD.

Little children know so little
Whom to follow, whom to trust;

Who should lead them, ever faithful,
Strong and willing, wise and just?

Ans.—"Be ye . . . . followers of God, as dear children."

THIRD CHILD.

Little children are so careless,
Like the lambs so full of glee;
Will they listen to the Shepherd
Gently calling, "Follow Me"?

Ans.—"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me."

FOURTH CHILD.

Little children meet with danger,
Tempted oft to go astray;
Tell them how to walk with safety
In the strait and narrow way.

Ans.—"Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

FIFTH CHILD.

Little children should feel deeply
God the Father's love so free;
Where appears that love most plainly
So that every child can see?

Ans.—"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us."

SIXTH CHILD.

Little children, oft forgetful,
Are unloving and unkind;
What can sweeten hearts so selfish
With a love that is divine?

ANS.—"If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

SEVENTH CHILD.

Little children will keep doing
Things they know are wrong each day,
Sinning often, though so sorry;
Who will take their sin away?

ANS.—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

EIGHTH CHILD.

Little children must remember
Light and love to each are given.
Looking upward, pressing onward,
Which is their safe way to heaven?

ANS.—"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

THE BEST CLASS.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

Five girls and four boys are required for this Exercise. The larger girl acts as Teacher. The others, who act as her scholars, should each carry a Japanese fan, with the letters which they represent painted on boldly in black. The letters should be hidden from the audience until the proper time, when all the fans are raised together.

The Teacher should stand at the left of the stage. The first girl, with letter P, should take her position at extreme right, recite her part, and stand there till the entire class have recited, and are in line with her, facing the audience.

TEACHER.—Allow me to introduce my best class.

FIRST GIRL *(coming forward with letter* P*).*—I am Pleasure, and should always be happy and make others so, for I am the sunshine of the school. But a boy called Sin sometimes wants to play with me, and when we do we always get into mischief; so, after this, I am only going to play with Beauty and Innocence. Sin don't belong to our school anyway.

FIRST BOY *(coming forward with letter* R*).*—I am Resolution. The boys would never succeed were it not for my help, and all the thanks I get is, that whenever I appear at a board meeting or convention (you will see by the papers) I am amended, laid on the table, or passed. The funny part of it is, that I never go ahead or amount to anything until I *am* passed.

SECOND GIRL *(with letter* O*).*—I am Order, and all the boys and girls who play with me are always neat and clean. They are never late at school, because they know just where to find their books. They have time for play, because they do their work at the proper time, and do not have to hunt for their playthings.

Second Boy *(with letter* H*).*—I am Hope, and I keep up the spirits of the scholars. But there is a cowardly, sneaking boy called Despair, who has nearly spoiled several schools, and every day he tries to get into ours, and it takes half my time pushing him out. He has something the matter with his stomach—dyspepsy, I think.

Third Girl *(with letter* I*).*—I am Innocence, and all the girls and boys who play with me are spotless, pure, and happy.

Fourth Girl *(with letter* B*).*—I am Beauty, and although some freckle-faced boys and girls sneer and pretend not to like me, and say that I put on airs, yet it is not so. I may not be as useful as some others, but I make the school look like a flower-garden, and if I should leave it, why, it would look like a potato-patch in ten minutes.

Third Boy *(with letter* I*).*—I am Industry, and the engine that runs the school. Once when I had the measles, and had to stay at home a week, I was afraid that when I returned I should have to put on lots of steam, and perhaps burst the boiler in trying to catch up, but when I returned I found them just where they were when I was took.

Fourth Boy *(with letter* T*).*—I am Temperance, and if I should leave the school Industry, Order, Innocence, Hope, and Beauty would go too, and there would be no one left to look after Pleasure; and as she is rather fickle, she would play with Sin, and become so wild that she would have to leave ; and then that sad-faced girl in black, called Sorrow, would take her place, and the school would be ruined.

TEACHER *(to audience).*

Of this my class I'm very proud,
Though wrong perhaps to say aloud,
Because it's bright, I also trust,
Not only bright, but also just.

(Addressing class).

Should sin and sorrow come to school,
Could we not, some way, make a rule
By which they both could come and stay,
If they were liberal as to pay?
Or, would you think it best that we

CLASS IN UNISON *(in loud tones).*—PROHIBIT!!

They all raise fans together, so that the word Prohibit is seen by the audience.

TEACHER *(addressing class).*

Some think that too severe a test,
And that High License is the best
And only way; to sin abate,
Is *not* to *stop*, but regulate.
The better way it seems to me—

CLASS IN UNISON *(in loud tones).*—PROHIBIT!!

They all raise fans together.

TEACHER *(addressing class).*

Then, if 'tis right by law and rule,
To keep what's vicious out of school,
Should not good people make a stand
Against what's evil in the land?

And do you think it right or wise
With sin to ever compromise?
Should not our answer ever be

CLASS IN UNISON *(in loud tones).*—PROHIBIT!!

All raise fans together.

TEACHER AND CLASS *(recite in unison).*

These are our principles, this is our song,
Encourage the good, and prohibit the wrong.

Or they may march off in single file, the Teacher leading the way, and all singing together the two lines to tune of "Joyfully, Joyfully."

THE CONFLICT.

For Fifteen Characters—Ten Girls and Five Boys.

BY GEORGE BARTLETT.

KING ALCOHOL *is represented in a regal robe, his crown surmounted by significant bottles.*

The QUEEN OF TEMPERANCE, *arrayed in white, is brilliantly crowned. Each of the leaders summons each character to appear by a wave of the wand.*

Enter KING ALCOHOL *and* TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE.

WE here have met, O deadly foe!
Our power and might to freely show;
Call up with all your might and main
Each trembling victim of your train,

And I its opposite will bring
To settle which of us is king.

POVERTY *appears at the left. A boy dressed in shabby, ragged clothes.*

KING ALCOHOL.

Approach, dread Poverty. Behold
This squalid mortal, poor and old!
I brought him to this dreadful pass
With my enticing, tempting glass.

A girl enters at the right, in a rich dress.

TEMPERANCE.

See smiling Wealth, the happy daughter
Of calm Content; cool, crystal water
Has made her healthy, strong, and brave
To earn, accumulate, and save.

A boy in a black cloak crouches in at the left.

KING ALCOHOL.

Look on the face of grim Despair,
Which like a tiger crouches there.
I dragged him from all earthly joy,
And made him eager to destroy.

Girl dressed in white, bearing lilies, enters at the right, and waves her lilies.

TEMPERANCE.

See the calm brow of gentle Peace,
Who bids all angry passions cease,

And whispers to the strongest will
In gentle accents : "Peace, be still"

A scold enters at the left. A girl looking very cross.

KING ALCOHOL.

A lady fair you now behold,
Transformed into an angry scold,
Who turns her home into a den
More fit for animals than men.

Lady in gray dress, with basket, enters at the right.

TEMPERANCE.

Sweet Charity I call to mind,
Tender and loving, true and kind,
Who for the needy and the poor
Brings quick relief and comfort sure.

Boy, holding wine-glass, enters at the left.

KING ALCOHOL.

The moderate drinker next appears,
Who little knows and little fears
The doom that many overtakes
Unless they turn from fashion's gates.

(A chorus of voices sing "If I would not be a Drunkard," on page 32 *of "Ripples of Song").*

Boy with glass of water enters at the right.

TEMPERANCE.

This happy youth has learned to shun
Temptations of the evil one ;

He looks not on the ruby wine
When fascinations in it shine.

(A chorus of voices sing "Hurrah for Sparkling Water," on page 38 *of "Ripples of Song").*

FOLLY, *a pretty girl, with bright dress, adorned with little bells and flowers, enters at the left.*

KING ALCOHOL.

Behold the smiling face of Folly,
Who makes all men and women jolly,
And by her fascinating sway
Soon steals their senses all away

WISDOM, *in white dress, holds book in left hand and points up with right. She enters at the right.*

TEMPERANCE.

Wisdom will live when Folly dies;
She points the way to brighter skies,
And all who follow in her lead
Will find that they are blessed indeed.

Tall figure in black, with veiled face and clenched hands, enters at the left.

KING ALCOHOL.

summon next black Unbelief,
f every solemn thought the thief,
Who owns no power but sin and shame,
And mocks at every holy name.

Girl in white, bearing tall cross.

TEMPERANCE.

Behold pure Faith's majestic mien,
The evidence of things unseen,
Whose power is mighty to control,
And from all evil save the soul.

KING ALCOHOL *and his victims kneel.*

KING ALCOHOL.

I own thy power ; oh ! teach me how
To follow thee and take thy vow,
To lead my dreadful victims in
To thy pure ranks, secure from sin.

Enter a girl in white with a scroll.

TEMPERANCE.

This is the way—the pledge will save
Your friends from a dishonored grave.
Enroll with her each tarnished name ;
She'll raise it to success and fame.

(She offers it to each kneeling figure, who signs and rises ; the rags of poverty and other marks of the drinking habit are thrown off, and all stand in a semicircle mingling with the figures on right. TEMPERANCE *and* KING ALCOHOL *at the upper end meet together, with girl holding Pledge between them).*

All recite together.

Saved by the pledge, we all agree
To live in peace and harmony ;

To keep the right, the wrong defy,
And from all tempting sin to fly.

(To make it more effective, the characters should unite in singing "I've Signed the Pledge," on page 13 *of "Ripples of Song").*

(After the final pledge, all retire in regular and graceful order. The King, Queen, and girl with scroll step forward till all leave, when they follow. As the characters retire, the chorus of voices sing "We are Marching On," page 80 *of "Ripples of Song").*

SIGN THE PLEDGE.

An Exercise for Thirteen Boys and Girls and Two Adults.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

The boys and girls should all be the same height, if possible, and each should have suspended around the neck a card about eight or nine inches square. On each card should be printed in large black type the letter he or she represents. The first child, with letter S, comes forward and recites, then takes his place to the right of the platform, facing the audience. The next child will take his place beside him, and so on until a line is formed across the platform. Be sure to have a space between each word. The first four children should have printed on the reverse side of their cards the letters which shall form the word "KEEP," *by turning them over at the close.*

Enter adult SPEAKER *or* A LARGE BOY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: My last lecture was on the "Cause of Drunkenness." My subject to-night will be "The Remedy." I have gathered a few notes in the shape of letters, and shall simply exhibit them, and they

will explain what I wish to fasten upon your minds better, perhaps, than I could by making a speech.

My first note is the letter **S**.
I've lost this note, I fear.

FIRST BOY *with letter "S" comes forward and says:*

Why, master, where can be your eyes?
I am not lost. *I'm here!*

(The boy then takes his place on the right of platform).

SPEAKER.

Ah! thank you. Now, my next point is,
Or should be, by the bye—
Now, let me see, what could it be?

SECOND CHILD *with letter* "I."

I think it should be **I**.

SPEAKER.

Why, just so; where's my memory?
It's going; "woe is me!"
I want—it's very clear I want—

THIRD CHILD, "G."

What I am bringing, **G**.

SPEAKER.

Now, one point, and firstly's done,
And my design is then—

FOURTH CHILD.

You cannot form design, I'm sure,
Without the letter **N**.

SPEAKER.

Now, secondly, I'll show to you,
As it appears to me,
That what you need is—what you need—

FIFTH CHILD, "T."

I know they want their **T**.

SPEAKER.

Yes, that is so; but where is **H**?

SIXTH CHILD, "H."

I'm here, sir, right on hand;

SEVENTH CHILD, **E**.

But *the* will not be *the* at all
Unless I take the stand.

SPEAKER.

Now, third and lastly, all we want—

EIGHTH CHILD, **P**.

Is me, sir! Call the next.

NINTH CHILD, **L**.

You need not call, sir, here I am
To help you form your text.

SPEAKER.

Now, where is **E**?

TENTH CHILD, "E."

I'm here, sir, in the line.

ELEVENTH CHILD, "D."

And I am D, so don't you see
The next place must be mine?

TWELFTH CHILD, "G."

And I am G, and that one E—
(Pointing to boy behind).

THIRTEENTH CHILD, "E."

Which I need not repeat.

SPEAKER.

So here's my text, and all my speech,
And my advice complete.

(The speaker bows and takes his seat, leaving the children all standing).

Enter young lady, who says:

My friend who just now left the stage
Gave good advice, I'm sure;
And I would add, not only *do*,
But *in* the right endure.
Not only sow the goodly seed,
But watch the field and reap it.
Not only sign the temperance pledge,
But always, always keep it.

(Here the first four children turn their cards over, as the speaker utters the last words).

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

BY A. M. S.

Let thirteen very little folks each have a small banner, with their letter, concealed behind them, and raise it as they name their letter. If they all hold them at the same height, it will be readily seen that the letters form the motto, "Dare to do right."

1*st*—The motto that we wish to show
Begins with D, as you must know.

2*d*—Now I will show with greatest ease
A, first of all the A B C's.

3*d*—My letter R I'll bring this way
And hold it up next after A.

4*th*—And now I'll try and do my share
To show you our first word is "*Dare.*"

5*th*—Our second word begins with T;
I'll hold it up where all can see.

6*th*—I'll show my letter O to you,
And help my neighbor here spell "*To.*"

7*th*—And now, my friends, next after O
The second letter D will show.

8*th*—Another O we need to spell
This little word we know so well.

9*th*—This letter, R, that comes in next,
Begins the last word of our text.

10*th*—Although I'm small I'll reach up high
To let you see my letter I.

11*th*—I see at last they've come to me,
So I will show my letter G.

12*th*—And now it is my turn to show
My letter H, as all may know.

13*th*—I'll hold my T up to your sight,
Which finishes our last word—"*Right.*"

All—This is our motto, "*Dare to do right!*"
Dare to press on till each good deed's done;
Dare to be noble, kind, and true;
Dare all the evil and wrong to shun.

All unite in singing "Dare to do Right, Dare to be True," etc., or a chorus may strike in promptly. The song is found in "Rallying Songs for Young Teetotalers."

SUASION AND PERSUASION.

For Four Boys and Four Girls.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

First Boy.

Moral suasion, for the man who drinks
Intoxicating stimulants.

First Girl.

Mental suasion, for the man who thinks
Virtue should honor arguments.

SECOND BOY.

Legal suasion, for the man who deals
In rum; of crime and woe the cause.

SECOND GIRL.

Prison suasion, with its locks and seals,
For all who violate the laws.

THIRD BOY.

Moral suasion wooes the heart and wins,
When not encrusted thick with blight.

THIRD GIRL.

Mental suasion shows our dangerous sins
Where conscience kindles heavenly light.

FOURTH BOY.

Legal suasion has an iron grasp
Not softened by a velvet glove.

FOURTH GIRL.

Prison suasion fastens like a clasp
On those who hate the law of love.

ALL TOGETHER.

In short, we believe in:
Mental suasion, for the man who thinks;
Moral suasion, for the man who drinks;
Legal suasion, for the drunkard-maker;
Prison suasion, for the statute-breaker.

LITTLE THINGS.

For One Large Girl, Two Smaller Girls, and a Boy.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

First Small Girl.

What made the fields all green, mamma,
When but a week ago
They all were brown, with here and there
A patch of dirty snow?

Large Girl.

The pleasant change you've seen, my dear,
So lately brought to pass,
Was just the springing into life
Of little blades of grass.

Boy.

I guess that by and by they'll wish
They all had stayed in bed,
Because the sun will burn 'em up,
And then they'll all be dead.

Large Girl.

No, Tommy; if the sun should scorch,
They'll soon be green again,
Made fresh and beautiful as now
By little drops of rain.

Second Small Girl.

What made the hills all white, mamma,
In cold and wintry weather?

LARGE GIRL.

Just little flakes of snow, my dear,
All huddled up together.

SECOND SMALL GIRL.

Now who would think such little things
Could whiten hill and plain,
And little, tiny blades of grass
Could make them green again?

FIRST SMALL GIRL.

But stranger still that drops of rain,
So very, *very* small,
Should have the power of giving strength
And health and life to all.

LARGE GIRL.

And to explain these things, my love,
Is quite beyond my reach;
But all of us may profit by
The lessons that they teach.
'Tis *little* things that form the great.
As rain-drops make the showers,
So days form years and hours make days,
But moments form the hours.
So little thoughts and words and deeds
Are seeds that always grow;
If good, the fruit is happiness;
If bad, distress and woe.

Follow this with the song "We are Little, but are Many," page 50 "Rallying Songs for Young Teetotalers." Song to be given by a chorus, or entire school.

WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

A Motion Exercise for Six Boys; all joining in the Motions.

FIRST BOY.

With laugh and with shout come hasten out,
There's work for us all to-day;
With fork and with rake our way we'll take
Out, out to the scented hay;
The sunshine is beaming, so joyously gleaming,
Come, come to the fields away!

SECOND BOY.

We'll work with a will in earnest still,
And none shall be idle here;
So fresh is the air, and the fields are fair,
The skies are so bright and clear:
In sunshiny weather come gather together,
There's work for us all, never fear!

THIRD BOY.

Good use we will make of the fork and rake,
In turning the grass to-day:
We'll toss it on high with a merry cry,
Out here in the sunshine gay!
Come, toss it so lightly, all joining so brightly
In making the sweet, sweet hay.

FOURTH BOY.

Hay-makers are we, as you plainly see,
And if you should pass us by,
We'll bury you deep in a fragrant heap,
Till under the grass you lie ;
While sunlight is glowing, to work we'll be going,
All under the cloudless sky !

FIFTH BOY.

But though we work on till the day be done,
Still tossing the new-mown grass,
We never will stay on our joyous way,
To drink of the poison-glass ;
For faithful forever, we'll taste of it never,
As onward through life we pass.

SIXTH BOY.

Ah, yes, and I see that a truth may be
Brought out as we make the hay ;
Let work be done 'neath the glowing sun,
Ere fadeth the light away :
In boyhood's glad weather, stand forth all together,
And work while 'tis called to-day !

ALL.

Whatever you do, be ready and true,
And work with a willing hand ;
Let each one unite in the morning light,
And faithful forever stand :
In boyhood's glad weather, come forth all together,
Come, come to our happy band !

THE MONTHS.

For Six Boys and Six Girls.

BY LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

This can be used at any time during the year, but is better adapted for Christmas or New-Year's.

First Child.—*Boy in street attire, winter garments, with New-Year's cards in hand; he bows repeatedly to those around him.*

January comes the first of all,
Ready to make a New-Year's call.

Second Child.—*Girl gaily dressed, bearing fancy valentine.*

February is next in line,
Bringing to all a *valentine.*

Third Child.—*Boy comes hurrying on platform bearing large kite.*

March comes next with wind and noise;
Here's a kite for all the boys.

Fourth Child.—*Girl dressed in waterproof cloak, and with small umbrella over her head.*

April's eyes are brimming over,
Silvery drops that start the clover.

FIFTH CHILD.—*Girl gaily decorated with flowers, bearing a wreath.*

May with blossoms stops the way
And brings us Decoration day.

SIXTH CHILD.—*Girl carrying large bunch of roses (these can be made of paper).*

Laughing June her face discloses,
Almost hid among the roses.

SEVENTH CHILD.—*Boy hurries in with bunch of fire-crackers, and carrying a flag, which he waves as he says, "Hurrah!"*

Boom of cannon, bands that play,
July brings Independence day. Hurrah!

EIGHTH CHILD.—*Boy carrying travelling-bag and umbrella.*

August brings us jolly vacations;
Then I'm off to see my relations.

NINTH CHILD.—*Boy carrying school-books and lunch-box and wearing his hat.*

Next, September. Ho! for school.
Study now must be the rule.

TENTH CHILD.—*Girl decorated with autumn leaves and carrying basket of nuts.*

Dropping nuts, and shortening days,
October comes with woods ablaze.

ELEVENTH CHILD.—*Boy carrying pumpkin or turkey.*

What brings cold and bleak November?
Oh! *Thanksgiving.* I remember.

TWELFTH CHILD.—*Girl decorated with evergreens and holly berries. She points to Christmas-tree.* (*It would be well if the tree could be hid behind a curtain, not to be seen until the twelfth child draws aside the curtain.*)

Last, and best of all, we see
December brings a Christmas-tree.
—*Adapted from Popular Educator.*

WHEN I AM TWENTY-ONE.

For Two Boys.

BY LANTA WILSON SMITH.

FIRST BOY.

When I am twenty-one, my friend,
I'll be a model man.
But first I'll sow a few "wild oats,"
And have what fun I can.
I'll try the pleasures of the world,
As other boys have done,
And settle down to sober ways
When I am twenty-one.

SECOND BOY.

"Wild oats," they say, are dangerous things
And yield a crop of woe.
And lives that have no lofty aims
True joy can never know.
Before you're twenty-one, my friend,
There's much that you can do.
The world is full of noble work,
For boys with purpose true.

FIRST BOY.

There's time enough for earnest work
In life's maturer days;
Though other boys may work like men
I don't believe it pays.
And after all, boys can't do much,
For manhood's not begun.
We cannot vote, we have no power,
Until we're twenty-one.

SECOND BOY.

Boys do have power the sad to cheer,
The fallen to reclaim.
And your "wild oats" will waste the strength
You never can regain.
'Tis not one day, but years of growth,
That makes the boy a man.
In youthful days 'tis best to learn
To make life all we can.

FIRST BOY.

I see you're right, for life is short,
And "men are boys grown tall."
If youth is thrown away, perhaps
We'll never work at all.
I wish to lead a useful life
In all the years to come.
I think I'll do what good I can
Before I'm twenty-one.

(*Both face the audience and recite together.*)

Don't wait for twenty-one, my boys,
Help drive the curse away,
The future holds no better time,
For thoughts and words and deeds sublime,
Than you may grasp to-day.

"DON'T LEAVE OUT THE GIRLS."

For Two Girls.

BY MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

FIRST GIRL.

Oh! why should little maids unite
To join the temperance crew?
How can a little damsel fight
Hard drinking to subdue?

SECOND GIRL.

We want to share the temperance joys—
  We want a sober heart.
Don't leave all good things to the boys!
  The *girls* should have a part.

We want our bodies healthy still;
  We want a cloudless brain;
We want no weakness of the will,
  And therefore we abstain.

We want to draw away the crowd
  That moves on ruin's edge,
And needs our warning long and loud,
  And so we sign the pledge.

FIRST GIRL.

Ah! yes, but who will list to us
  Or notice me or you?
'Tis sweet with songs to gather thus,
  But still what can we do?

SECOND GIRL.

Why, Rosie, I have read somewhere
  That woman's power is great;
That woman always has a share
  Amid the public fate.

The hand of woman can uplift—
  God helping her—the sad,
And bring to darkest clouds a rift,
  And make the fallen glad.

The voice of woman tenderly
  Can lead to love on high,
And *women* you and I will be
  As years go fleeting by.

FIRST GIRL.

But, Alice, I don't want to stay
  Till I'm a woman tall ;
Can you and I do naught to-day
  To stop the drunkard's fall ?

SECOND GIRL.

Why, yes ! a little maiden's word,
  By loving looks enforced,
Has often better feelings stirred
  In those the world thought lost.

A tract from out a little hand,
  For love of Jesus given,
Has guided to the better land
  And brought a soul to heaven.

So let us do the work that's near,
  And try and trust and pray,
And God will bless us, never fear,
  And use us day by day.

FOR GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

An Exercise for Loyal Legions.

BY MINNIE MOSHER JACKSON.

Enter two small girls and one boy, or three girls, each bearing a small banner, one side plain, on the other side of the first "For God," of the second "and Home," of the third "and Native Land." The banners should be carried with plain side toward the audience until the speaker finishes her verse.

FIRST CHILD.

Why does the flower that nobody sees
  Bloom just as fair as our garden pets do,
'Way down in the swamp-lands, where only the breeze
  'Mong the bushes and trees can find the way through?

Why does the wild bird that nobody hears
  Trill his sweet carol as gladly and gay
As the little pet songster some tender hand rears
  In a golden-barred cage, for our pleasure all day?

I will tell you the secret: they do it for God;
  They are blooming and singing to glorify Him.
The birds of the air, the flowers of the sod,
  Never let the light given them ever grow dim.
And so the brave toilers, W. C. T. U.,
Are doing so grandly whatever they do
  For God.

(*At these words turn the banner with "For God" painted on it toward the audience.*)

SECOND CHILD.

What name, next to God, thrills the soul like a hymn,
Maketh hearts to grow tender and eyes to grow dim?
What name brings the dream of a dear mother's face?
Of father's and sister's and brother's? What place,
What place can earth give us where we may roam,
That is dear to the heart as "Home, sweet Home"?
And the brave Woman's Union, so noble and true,
Are fighting King Whiskey this broad country through,
And they tread in the path that heroes have trod,
With heart, soul, and strength they are battling for God
And Home.

(*Turn lettered side of banner, "and Home," toward audience.*)

THIRD CHILD.

What name stirs the patriot's heart into flame,
Nerves his heart for the battle, his soul for the strife?
What theme doth the poet's best offering claim,
That is precious as honor and dearer than life?

'Tis the name of our country; her brow it is wears
The laurel of glory, the bay-wreath of song,
And each heart in this Union that magic name bears
Entwined with a purpose to free her from wrong.
Yes, they strive where He pointeth their footsteps to roam,
For the glory of God, the protection of home
And Native Land.

(*Turn the lettered side of banner toward the audience.*)

This will be rendered more effective by having the melody of some hymn played softly during the first, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and as the verse closes a chorus sing two or three lines of the hymn; during the second part "Home, Sweet Home" rendered in the same manner, and during the third "My Country, 'tis of Thee." This will prove specially useful at any public meeting of a W. C. T. U., and is sufficiently patriotic for use on Washington's Birthday.

TREES AND CHOPPERS.

A Patriotic, Prohibition Exercise.

For Washington's Birthday.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

Patriotic Chopper. Prohibition Chopper.
Cherry-tree Choppers.

Patriotic Chopper.—*A young girl carrying hatchet decorated with red, white, and blue ribbons.*

Prohibition Chopper.—*A youth with huge battle-axe, which may be made of wood and covered with silver paper.*

Cherry-tree Choppers—*Four small boys with hatchets.*

A number of young girls for chorus. All must wear Continental and Martha Washington costumes. They enter single file to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," boys leading, and taking a position in front. Girl and youth to the right and left. Chorus in the rear.

Cherry-tree Choppers.

First Boy.

There was a little boy,—
His father's pride and joy,—

Who lived and laughed and played in days of yore ;
He owned a little hatchet,—
For sharpness none could match it,—
The best that could be bought in any store.

(*Orders to be given by one of the boys.*)

Present ! Hatchets. *Carry !* Hatchets. *Shoulder!* Hatchets.

Second Boy.

A little tree was growing,—
Its tender leaves just showing,—
'Twas by his father cherished with much care ;
The little boy espied it,—
The little hatchet tried it,—
The little tree was ruined, then and there.

Carry ! Hatchets. *Present !* Hatchets. *Chop !* (*Three steady strokes.*)

Third Boy.

And when his father knew it,
He vowed some one should rue it,
And wondered who the mischief could have done.
"I cannot tell a lie, sir,—
My little axe and I, sir,—
We did it!" said the truthful little son.

Carry ! Hatchets. *Reverse !* Hatchets.

Fourth Boy

The truth from wrath did save him,
His father soon forgave him,—

Although the ruined tree called forth a sigh.
And so, on History's pages,
The world will know for ages,—
George Washington, who would not tell a lie.
Carry! Hatchets. *Shoulder!* Hatchets.

CHORUS.

TUNE—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Now, boys, this lesson you must heed,
In days of sunny youth;
Remember George's cherry-tree
And always tell the truth.
It pays to tell the truth, my boy,
It pays to tell the truth;
You *may* be President if you
Will always tell the truth.

PATRIOTIC CHOPPER (*advancing to the front*).

When the monarch of England regardless of Right,
Sent forth his mandate of oppression;
And planted the tree of his tyranny deep,
On the shores of his new possession;

It aroused the brave souls of our forefathers till
They burned with a fierce indignation;
And they boldly and sternly resolved that they would
Submit to no tyrant's dictation.

So they chose a commander in whom they could trust,
A gallant and noble defender;
And followed him on to the victory that forced
Proud England's red-coats to surrender.

How the heroic deeds of these patriots of old
Are treasured in song and in story!
How the name and the fame of that leader so brave
Gleams out from a halo of glory!

And when the glad sunshine of peace had dispersed
The battle-cloud's dark devastation,
The people again called the hero to rule,
As Chief of the newly-born nation.

PATRIOTIC CHOPPER *and* CHERRY-TREE CHOPPERS (*in concert. Emphasize the "chopped" and "stopped" with the hatchets, holding them up at the last line*).

When England sent across the sea,
And planted tyranny's old tree,
Washington chopped it down, you see,
With Freedom's glorious hatchet.
He went to work and chopped and chopped,
With steady hand and never stopped
Until the ugly tree had dropped
'Neath that victorious hatchet.

CHORUS—"*Hail Columbia.*"

(*Introducing hatchet movements at pleasure.*)

PROHIBITION CHOPPER.

In the midst of our land grows the *Rum King's* tree,
Deep-rooted at tyrant's behest;
Whose huge branches reach from the shores of the East,
To the Golden Gate of the West.

From the far Northern line of our wide domain,
To the flowery Southland's coast;
It sheds like the Upas its awful blight,
O'er the lives of a countless host.

The shadow it casts is the gloom of the grave;
And 'tis laden with deadly fruit;
Crime, suffering, and sin it unceasingly bears,
From its topmost bough to its root.

Each leaf holds a curse or a moan or a tear,
And the blood of innocence slain,
To nourish the life of this Moloch of death,
Dyes the soil of hillside and plain.

When the Lord of the universe comes to judge
The earth in His power and might,
And the doings of all are revealed at last,
In Eternity's searching light;

He will know who has striven with steady stroke,
This Satanic tree to despoil;
He will know who is checking its poisonous growth,
And tearing its roots from our soil.

And woe unto those who are wearing His name,
If *they* strive not its life to destroy;
That its shadow may vanish and hearts and homes
Feel the sunlight of hope and joy.

Let the young and the old make the battle their own,
And work for the stern demolition

Of this death-dealing tree, and it surely will fall
'Neath the weapon we call PROHIBITION.

(*Raises axe at* first *word of last line, and gives a vigorous blow at* last *word. In the next verse the hatchets must be used as indicated, with energetic, uniform strokes.*)

CHERRY-TREE CHOPPERS.

Chop! children, chop! The Rum-tree must come down;

PATRIOTIC CHOPPER.

Chop! patriots, chop! Though politicians frown;

PROHIBITION CHOPPER.

Chop! Christians, chop! Your Master gives command;

All.

Everybody strike! "For God, for Home, and Native Land!"

SONG.

TUNE—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

We've had enough of license laws,
Enough of liquor's taxes;
We've turned the grindstone long enough,
'Tis time to swing our axes.
This deadly upas-tree must fall—
Let strokes be strong and steady,
Pull out the stumps! grub out the roots!
O brothers! are you ready?

Chorus.

Swing your axes! Hew it down!
This foul tree of perdition.
Fell it with the battle-axe
Of Total Prohibition!

OUR YEAR.

For Christmas Day.

An Exercise for Twelve Boys and Girls. Each should speak slowly and distinctly, and put in actions at proper places. Let all come in on the stage at one time—carelessly, talking to one another, and laughing in real boy and girl fashion. Let the oldest or tallest one ask the question:

"SAY, boys and girls, what month of the year do you like best?"

He is answered by one after another, stepping to the right, reciting his or her verse, and remaining in line till all have spoken.

BOY.

The *first* month of the twelve, boys! that is the month for me,
When every one is saying, "A glad New-Year to thee";
When from the old gray belfry we hear the music peal,
And every one makes new resolves the while the chimings steal.

Old January comes along with silver frost and snow,
And sliding, sliding on the ponds, we boys a-laughing go—
What fun we have with snowballs where the paths lie white and clear—
Oh, merrily, so merrily, we start the glad New Year!

Boy.

The *second* month be mine, boys! we get a bit more sun,
And life begins to tremble in the blossoms one by one,
And life is swelling in the leaves, and soon will burst to sight;
Oh, wondrous things are done, boys, by God's great gift of light!
There, hiding in the valley, are the snowdrops meek and frail;
The February sunshine wakes them up along the dale.
We'll seek them in the woodland through the pleasant, changeful hours—
May Heaven keep us all the year as pure as snowdrop flowers!

Boy.

The *third* month shall be mine, boys! old roaring March, you know—
We Temperance lads don't mind the wind, we like to hear it blow;
We draw our jackets round us, and we bravely march along;
We're members of the Band of Hope, and healthy, hale, and strong.

Blow, blow, O wind, from out the east! and take your
sweeping course ;
Our cheeks grow all the redder as we battle with your
force :
And if the storm rage o'er the sea, off goes the lifeboat
then—
God speed our *Temperance* lifeboat to rescue sinking
men!

GIRL.

Give *me* the month of blossoms and the time of promise
sweet,
When April stirs the violets that cluster round our feet.
Just see the orchards overhead, the boughs so fairy
white,
And apple-blossoms blushing in the springtide's golden
light.
I hope they won't make cider of the apples that shall
glow
Where now between the branches the gentle breezes
blow :
Oh, time of sun and time of rain, 'tis springtide with
us, too ;
May life be full of promise 'neath the heav'nly light and
dew.

GIRL.

May is the fairest month of all, for then our voices ring,
As romping through the woods we search the first sweet
flowers of spring.

With daisy-chain and buttercup and wild violet, 'tis then
We sing that summer soon will come to reign o'er hill and glen ;
Oh, now the brooks are playing free : adown the mountain-side
The merry streams come leaping like a silver, pearly tide.
All hail, thou sparkling water, ever springing fresh and clear!
We prize thee still, O mountain-rill, through all the circling year.

GIRL.

Give *me* the month of roses—royal roses red and white!
The leafy June, when all the land is jubilant and bright ;
Ah, then the honey-bees go humming, softly humming by,
And blue, so blue and cloudless, is the smiling summer sky ;
Thrush calls to thrush, and linnets sing the forest ways along,
And upward goes the skylark, with a joyous, echoing song :
Thanks be to God for all good gifts that witness of His care.
Oh, may no darksome deeds of men be spoiling days so fair!

BOY.

I'll tell you why *I* like July! It is the month, you know,
Our fathers made our nation free, one hundred years ago.

With fife and drum, and banners gay, we march and shout and cheer ;
July the Fourth's the proudest day for us in all the year.
'Tis then you hear the cannon boom, and fire-crackers crack!
And that poor boy is poor indeed, who does not get a pack.
It is the Nation's holiday. No work, or school—but play.
A happy day for girls and boys, is Independence day. Hurrah!

(He waves his hat as he says "Hurrah!" and the others catching his spirit, all join in with hats or handkerchiefs).

Boy.

My favorite month is *August*, for I love the spreading sea,
And now do some of us catch sight of ocean wide and free ;
We'll gather shells upon the shore and on the sands we'll roam,
And take off boots and socks and wade within the curling foam ;
We'll see the fishers haul their nets, we'll watch the ships that glide,
Now up, now down, so gently o'er the golden, smiling tide ;
Sometimes we'll go a-rowing, where the sunny wavelets play.
Oh, glad the music of the sea upon the rocks of gray!

GIRL.

Ah, if you want a month of beauty, listen unto *me!*
What month can beat *September*, when the ripened fruit we see?
The apples and the pears that hang upon the bending bough—
My mouth begins to water as I think upon them now;
And then the grapes, the purple grapes, that cluster on the vine!
I like those grapes as Nature made them, not when sold as *wine.*
And, oh, just see! the golden grain that waves across the field!
Oh, friends, as time goes on may *we* a glorious harvest yield!

BOY.

Well, now, but don't you care for *nuts?* Ah, yes, you do, I know;
When brown *October* shakes the boughs we'll all a-nutting go.
A patter, patter on the grass, down, down they come like hail.
Where rabbits leap and little squirrels climb about the dale;
The air so crisp! 'Tis just the time for football then, you know,
Such jolly outdoor sport will make our cheeks with health aglow.
I'm very much in earnest! 'Tis simple truth, and sober,
For health and play, and jolly fun, *I* say give me October.

BOY.

Perhaps you think there's nothing that a boy has left to say
For the poor old dim November, when the skies are cold and gray,
And one by one the leaves drop down, so yellow and so sere,
To strengthen and build up the soil, to feed the trees next year ;
Yes, but it brings Thanksgiving day, and gladdens children's eyes
With sight of turkeys, chickens, cakes, and yellow pumpkin-pies.
The day the wanderers return once more to mother's door,
The one day in the year the rich do not forget the poor.

GIRL.

Well, now, you've left me last of all, but last is sometimes *best ;*
December is the month, friends, when, though we may be pressed
To break our pledge and take a glass, because it's Christmas weather,
We'll answer "No," for one and all, we'll steadfast stand together.
This is the month, the fairest month, when rang the angel-strain,
And the sweet chorus echoed down to shepherds on the plain :

"Fear not, the Lord of love has come ; let strife and sorrow cease,
Glory to God, good-will to man, and on the earth be peace."
And that is still our temperance prayer ; let strife and sorrow cease,
And may God's glory everywhere forevermore increase—

All together unite in the following lines:

"Oh, yes, that is our temperance prayer—let strife and sorrow cease,
Glory to God, good-will to man, and on the earth be—
peace!"

WATER-DROPS AND WINE-DROPS.

For Fourteen Children and a Chorus.

ARRANGED BY L. PENNEY.

The five representing WATER-DROPS *enter together and take places on right of platform. They bow to audience, and say in unison,* "*We have come to describe the beauties of Water.*"

The five representing WINE-DROPS *take places at the left, bow, and say,* "*And we the evils of Wine.*"

The verses should then be given alternately, one from one side and then one from another.

WATER-DROPS.

First Child.

Up from the breast of the great blue sea,
Where cleansing winds blow long and loud,
I mount on a sunbeam's warm, bright wings
To a lofty seat in a shadowy cloud.

Second Child.

Down from the clouds on a rainy day
Gladly I drop to the earth below,
Wetting the trees and the thirsty soil,
Till down in its rich depths the young roots grow.

Third Child.

Out from a seam in a gray old rock,
Clear as a crystal gem, I burst,
Eager again to return to my work,
Washing stains away, quenching thirst.

Fourth Child.

Bubbling and sparkling I journey on,
Carrying comfort to all I pass,
Bathing the bobolink's gay, glossy coat,
Sprinkling the meadow-bank, cooling the grass.

Fifth Child.

Etching in winter the frosty pane,
Dressing the flower-stalks in crystal gowns,
Crusting the skating-ponds firm and smooth,
Laying up ice for the great hot towns.

E. L. Benedict.

Wine-Drops.

First Child.

Squeezed and pressed from the bruisèd grape,
Bottled and corked, we are hurried away
To cellars mouldy, dark, and damp,
And there for many a month we lay.

Second Child.

Out once more to the light of day,
Muddy and strong, we are brought at last,
Fixed up with various poisonous things,
And on to the busy world's markets passed.

Third Child.

Red and strong, from many a cup,
Carrying woe to all who drain,
Into the blood of man we go,
Clouding the senses, burning the brain.

Fourth Child.

Catching the eye of a gay young man,
We tempt him on with spicy breath,
Until we poison his strong young veins,
And sow in his body the seeds of death.

Fifth Child.

Breaking hearts in many a home,
Filling towns with hate and strife,
Wasting property, houses, and lands,
Burning up hope, and health, and life.

All Together—Both Groups.

Which is most beautiful, pure, and good,
Wine-drops or water-drops—which do you think?
Which is the best for a thirsty world,
Wine-drops or water-drops—which will you drink?

E. L. Benedict.

A Chorus of voices should here strike in promptly with the song "Drops of Crystal Water," found on page 38 *"Rallying Songs for Young Teetotalers." The refrain "Wine, it bringeth Sorrow," to be sung by the group of* WINE-DROPS *only; and the refrain "Water's Friend is Glee," sung by the group of* WATER-DROPS. *The rest of the refrain being taken up by the chorus.*

WATER FOR ME.

To be Recited by a Girl.

Water, bright water, pure water I drink,
From clear mountain streamlet, or deep well's brink;
It cooleth, when parched, my thirsty tongue;
It helpeth my happiness to prolong;
It maketh rich blood in my veins to flow;
It quickeneth my brain to a healthy glow;
'Tis the drink of the flowers, the birds and bees,
The insects that dance on the summer's breeze;
The cattle that graze on the hill and plain;
The traveller's friend on the mighty main;
'Tis the drink that God gave unto man,
In rivers that through lovely Eden ran!
Water, bright water, pure water, to thee
May I be a life-long, true devotee!

I DRINK WATER.

To be Recited by a Boy.

"I drink water," chirped a little bird,
It gives me strength of wing;

And when in the sky I'm mounting high
Aloud its praises I sing.

"I drink water," said the busy bee,
As it went humming by ;
From the little well in the lily-bell
I get a good supply.

"I drink water," said the squirrel gay ;
I love the brooklet's flow ;
And when I have drank and washed my face,
A-hunting nuts I go.

"I drink water," said the pretty flower ;
It comes in sparkling dew ;
And when I'm weak with the summer heat
My strength it does renew.

"I drink water," said the giant oak,
"Or strong I should not be ;"
And echoing notes, on the calm air float,
From every bush and tree.

"I drink water," said the browsing cow ;
And lambkins at their play,
Skip here and there, and wond'ring stare
As the horse gives forth its neigh.

"I drink water," said a little boy ;
That little boy was me ;
And I hope I shall through all my life
A water-drinker be.

BEWARE!

Recitation for a Boy or Girl

The word BEWARE *to be given by a chorus of voices—or by the children representing the* WINE-DROPS.

Oh! ye who sip the ruddy wine,
Though like a ruby it may shine,
(Chorus of voices.) Beware!
Within the sparkling cup there lies
Unnumbered tears and groans and sighs,
The gnawing worm that never dies.
(Chorus.) Beware!

Though great men of its virtues name,
And poets sing aloud its fame,
(Chorus.) Beware!
Oh, touch it not! its ruddy glare
Is but the lurking tempter's snare
To lead thee on to dark despair,
(Chorus.) Beware!

Many, alas! have quaffed the bowl,
And soon have felt its dread control,
(Chorus.) Beware!
Ah! soon the treach'rous poisoned dart
Has pierced them to the very heart,
And left a never-ceasing smart,
(Chorus.) Beware!

To festive board 'tis often brought,
To waken mirth 'tis often sought,
(Chorus.) Beware!

At *first* it tingles through the vein ;
It lights the eye, and spurs the brain ;
At *last* it leaves a throbbing brain,
(Chorus.) Beware !

Many a youth with future bright,
Has drank the cup and felt its blight,
(Chorus.) Beware !
It spares not youth nor tottering age,
The thoughtless lad, or hoary sage ;
With all a deadly strife 'twill wage,
(Chorus.) Beware !

The wise man's caution do thou take,
The ruddy, sparkling wine forsake,
(Chorus.) Beware !
Pure water drink if thou wouldst be,
In life unfettered, pure, and free,
Happy through all eternity,
(Chorus.) Beware !

W. H. BURLEIGH.

(The chorus should here take up the song "Dash the Wine-cup Away," found on page 64 *of "Ripples of Song."*

THE REASON WHY.

To be Recited by a Girl.

The last line of each verse which answers the girl's questions to be given by a chorus of voices, or by the group of WATER-DROPS.

When the bright morning star the new daylight is bringing,
And the orchards and groves are with melody ringing,

Their way to and from them the early birds winging,
And their anthems of gladness and thanksgiving singing;
Why do they twitter and sing, do you think?
(Chorus of voices.) Because they've nothing but water to drink!

When a shower on a hot day of summer is over,
And the fields are all scented with red and white clover,
And the honey-bee—busy and plundering rover—
Is fumbling the blossom leaves over and over;
Why so fresh, clean, and sweet are the fields, do you think?
(Chorus of voices.) Because they've had nothing but water to drink!

Do you see that stout oak, on the windy hill growing?
Do you see what great hail-stones that black cloud is throwing?
Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean way going,
Against trade winds and head winds, like hurricanes blowing?
Why are oaks, clouds, and steamships so strong, do you think?
(Chorus of voices.) Because they've nothing but water to drink!

Now if *we* have to work in the field, shop, or study,
And would have a strong hand and a face clean and ruddy,
If we'd *not* have a head that is addled and muddy,
With our eyes all *bunged-up* and our noses all bloody;

How shall *we* make or keep ourselves, do you think? *(Chorus of voices.)* Why, you must have nothing but water to drink!

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Or the above can be given as a solo and chorus, the music for which can be found on page 80 of "Temperance Chimes." Close this exercise with the song "Hurrah for Sparkling Water," found on page 38 of "Ripples of Song."

THE CHILDREN'S WATCH-MEETING.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

Characters:

THE OLD YEAR. THE NEW YEAR. EMMA. RALPH. MYRA. EDDIE.

THE OLD YEAR *is represented as a very aged man, with long, white beard and hair, black robe, and staff.* THE NEW YEAR *appears as a bright little girl, clothed in white, and glittering with snow crystals.*

EMMA *(standing.)* I am afraid mamma will think we are very naughty for being up so late. Are you *sure* you are not mistaken in what she said, Ralph?

RALPH. Sure and certain! I had been asleep some time, when I awoke suddenly and saw mamma with her bonnet and cloak on. I jumped up and asked her why she didn't wake me in time for breakfast She laughed, and said it was just ten o'clock in the evening, and she was going to watch-meeting. You all know what that is, don't you?

Myra. Oh! yes. The people go to church on New Year's eve, and sing and pray, and watch the Old Year go out and the New Year come in.

Ralph. Well, I asked if *I* could go, and she said children must keep watch-meeting at home. Of course that was plain enough; so when she had gone I dressed and waked the rest of you.

Eddie. Won't it be fun! I wonder if the New Year looks like the pictures I have seen of her: a lovely girl all fixed up, sweet enough to eat!

Emma. You little goosie! you can't *see* the New Year. It is not a *person*—only the change of time from the old to the new.

Eddie. Well, I mean to keep a sharp lookout when the bell strikes twelve, and if there is anything to see I shall see it.

Emma I have been thinking that we shall not be ready for the New Year unless we resolve to turn over a new leaf and be better children; and, as I am the eldest, I will lead. I know I have a very quick temper, and often get cross and impatient at trifles; but from this time I shall try how patient and gentle I can be. Now, Ralph, what bad habit will *you* give up? Your cigarette-smoking, I hope; it does look *so* bad for a boy to smoke.

Ralph. Truly, Emma, I have been ashamed of it for some time; but, as so many boys smoke, I thought I would be laughed at if I stopped; but I *will*. Good-bye, tobacco!

Emma. That's a brave boy. Your turn now, Myra.

Myra. I have lots of bad habits, but I think the *worst* one is drinking cider.

ALL. What! Cider?

MYRA. Yes; and I think it is a bad thing, though it did not seem so at first. There is a cider-store near our school, where the children get it. May Jones treated me to a glass one day, and it tasted so good that I have bought some every time I had pennies enough. The man says it is *sweet* cider, and as innocent as water; but some of the boys do cut up *dreadfully* after drinking it, and yesterday it made everything turn around, and I had to sit down.

EMMA. O Myra! don't you know that you were drunk? I am glad I have the very thing to help you, and Ralph, too. (*Takes card from her pocket and reads:*) "I hereby promise, by the help of God, that I will abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, including wine, beer, and cider, as a beverage; from the use of tobacco in any form, and from all profanity."

EDDIE. Sister, if profanity means saying *swear words*, why, that's *my* bad habit. It is *so* easy to learn them, and then they slip out before I know it. But now I will bite my tongue whenever one tries to get out.

EMMA. It is a very wicked habit, and I hope you will overcome it. I want you all to repeat this pledge after me. (*She again reads it slowly, all repeating*) Now, as we have resolved what we will *not* do, let us say what we *will* do. Join hands and kneel with me. (*They repeat after* EMMA:) "Heavenly Father, we promise that we will try and help others to be better and happier during the New Year. Please help us, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

(*They rise and sing: "Oh! the good we all may do, as the days are passing by," or some other appropriate song.*)

RALPH. I am getting sleepy, but I don't want to give up.

EMMA. Suppose you all take a little nap, and I will wake you when the bell begins to strike twelve.

MYRA. Don't fall asleep yourself.

(*They place themselves in easy positions:* RALPH, *on three chairs he moves together;* MYRA, *on the sofa;* EMMA, *in an easy-chair;* EDDIE, *on a hassock, with his head on her lap. All s'eep. Slow, mournful music is heard, and after a minute or two* OLD YEAR *enters very slowly.*)

OLD YEAR.

I am old, *so* old, and weary and cold,
And my journey endeth to-night;
But nobody cares how the Old Year fares
As he passes from mortal sight.
I have done with earth, its sadness and mirth,
And soon will the funeral-bell
Toll solemn and slow, that the people may know
The Old Year is dying. Farewell!
"Uncrowned and sceptreless, forgotten by all
But grim old Death, I go at his call."
Farewell! Farewell!

(*He passes out, while the music continues, and the midnight hour is sounded by twelve regular strokes on a large gong. With the last stroke the music changes to loud, joyful*

strains ; two or three gongs imitate chimes, and the NEW YEAR *bounds on the stage, throwing kisses with both hands.*)

NEW YEAR.

I have come ! I have come ! I'm the "Happy New Year ! "
I am thrilling the earth with my bonny good cheer ;
And music, and laughter, and gladness, and glee
Peal out through the midnight a welcome to me.
O ye mortals ! I pray that my swift flying days
May be filled with your service of faith, love, and praise.
Look up, and lift others ;
All men are your brothers.
Ring out, merry bells, for the "Happy New Year ! "

(*As the* NEW YEAR *enters,* EDDIE *starts up, yawns, rubs his eyes, and looks around ; then raises his hands and steps forward a few paces, his face and gestures expressing great surprise and delight. As* NEW YEAR *passes out music and chimes are heard, and the others start up, as if just awaking.*)

EDDIE (*running from one to another*). I saw her ! I saw her !

EMMA. I do believe I fell asleep for a moment. What did you see, Eddie ?

EDDIE. I saw the New Year ! I waked just in time. She was all in white, with snow sprinkled over her, and was too lovely for anything ; and she said something that meant being good to everybody. And none of you was her ! Ha ! ha ! (*He laughs and capers in boyish glee.*)

RALPH (*laughing*). What a pretty dream you have had, Eddie! Emma, I wish you a very "happy New Year."

(*All exchange greetings, shaking hands.*)

EMMA. Now, let's all be in bed before mamma comes, and to-morrow we will tell her how we kept watch-meeting, and how Eddie dreamed that he saw the New Year.

EDDIE. I didn't dream it! I was wide awake, and saw her with my own eyes. I did—I did—I *did!*

(*All go out. Music and chimes.*)

A PATRIOTIC EXERCISE.

For Independence Day.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

Only four boys and two girls speak in this Exercise, but several others should enter with them.

A young lady representing the GODDESS OF LIBERTY *is seen on the centre of platform. She holds in her left hand the United States flag, and in her right a large shield, showing the Stars and Stripes. On the reverse side of shield is painted in bold letters King Alcohol. This should be hidden from audience until proper time. Patriotic airs should be played on piano, or sung by large chorus.*

(*Boys and girls rush on platform, waving flags, and shouting:*)

The Star-Spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

(*They stop suddenly when they perceive the presence of* LIBERTY.)

FIRST BOY.

Say, Will, I wonder who she is?
She dresses mighty queer;
I guess she's from some wax-work show—
With something wrong up here.
(*Touching his head.*)

LIBERTY.

Why all this racket, boys and girls,
And why this cheering, pray?

SECOND BOY.

You must be foreign, or you'd know
It's Independence day.

LIBERTY.

And what is Independence day
To you? Please answer me.

FIRST GIRL.

The day our fathers signed the deed
That made the Nation free.

LIBERTY.

Well, children, I am Liberty,
In whom you take such pride.
For me your grandsires fought and bled,
For me your fathers died.

FIRST BOY.

Why, that's Bartholdi's statue, Will;
I thought I knew her face.

I told you there was something wrong;
You see, she's off her base.

LIBERTY.

And, children, are you fighting now
For that proud flag and me?
And struggling as your fathers did
To *keep* your country free?

THIRD BOY.

No, Miss; the wars are over now,
Our country is all right!
We've hammered all creation so,
There is no foe to fight.

LIBERTY.

Ah! that's where you're mistaken, child;
We have a cruel foe,
More wicked and relentless than
The foes of long ago.
He has no pity for the weak;
He fills our land with strife;
He fetters me with heavy chains;
And seeks to take my life.

FIRST BOY (*doubling up his fists*)

Oh! tell me who the coward is,
For little Will and I
Can lick the chap who strikes a girl;
At any rate we'll try!

LIBERTY.

Ah! boys, this foe is rich and strong;
He counts a million slaves;
And thousands every year he sends
Dishonored to their graves.
And thousands languish in our jails
Secured by chain and lock,
While his recruiting dens are found
On nearly every block.

SECOND GIRL.

Why don't policemen shut them up?

LIBERTY.

His power is too great.
He rules our Legislatures,
And is licensed by the State.

FOURTH BOY.

Then something should be done, you know,
If what you say is true.

ALL TOGETHER (*earnestly*).

We're bound to fight for liberty,
So tell us what to do.

LIBERTY.

That's bravely spoken, boys and girls,
And if throughout the land
All girls and boys will rally so,
And firmly by me stand,

Before the century is out
I'll mount my throne again,
And put this monster under foot.

ALL TOGETHER.

But tell us, what's his name?

LIBERTY.

You ask me for the tyrant's name,
To your request I yield.
To our disgrace, 'tis graven here
Upon the Nation's shield.

(*She shows reverse side of shield.*)

(*The boys and girls join hands and form a ring around* LIBERTY *and sing:*)

Get ready for the jubilee, hurrah! hurrah!
When this, our country, shall be free, hurrah! hurrah!
The girls will sing, the boys will shout
When alcohol is driven out.
And we'll all be glad
When rum shall reign no more.

(*The words and music are found on page* 4 *of "Ripples of Song."*)

LIBERTY.

Yes, children, then indeed shall dawn,
When rum shall reign no more,
A brighter Independence Day
Than ever known before.

TEMPERANCE OR INTEMPERANCE? WHOSE SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

For Thanksgiving Day, or Harvest Home.

BY E. C. ROOK.

Characters:

HARVEST. TEMPERANCE. INTEMPERANCE.

Several persons to recite in chorus. HARVEST *occupies central place on the stage, and carries a basket containing apples, grapes and small sheaves of grain.* TEMPERANCE *and* INTEMPERANCE *stand, one on each side of* HARVEST.

HARVEST.

I am the Harvest. In this favored land of plenty,—warmed by God's radiant sunshine, and moistened by His blessed showers, I have come forth from the brown and silent earth, to recompense the faithful husbandman for his days of weary toil and hours of anxious care. And the gift which I bestow, is far from niggardly or mean. Bountiful and generous are its proportions of fair fruits and golden grains. What will ye do with these? Speak, ye for whom my bounty is provided.

INTEMPERANCE (*advancing to* HARVEST, *and taking an apple from the basket.*)

O Harvest, I take from your hands, this fine fruit,
For what end? I suppose you will ask.
Well—my calling, you see, is ruining souls,
And I've need of its aid in my task.

For making a start as a drunkard debased,
There's nothing much better, I think,
Than the juice of the apple—sweet cider, you know—
Such a purely innocent drink.

Yet by sipping of cider, a taste is begot
For stronger and more ardent drinks;
And so the poor wretch whose thirst grows apace,
Becomes mine—and down, down he sinks.

So to help on my work, your apples I claim,
And my claim I'll enforce with each breath.
With their help, I can do some most terrible work,
I'll cause misery, ruin, and death.

TEMPERANCE (*also approaching* HARVEST, *and taking an apple*).

I sing the apple,
The rich, juicy apple,
The fruit of historical fame;
When used as a food,
'Tis undoubtedly good,
And to it I now urge my claim.

This fruit I will take,
And from it will make
The dumpling so fair and so round,
And I hope you'll agree
In thinking with me,
No better dish e'er can be found.

Apple-pudding or pie—
Or perhaps, you will try
Apple-fritters, or jelly so clear.
You may roast or may bake,
Or "Brown Betty" make;
Each form will excel, as good cheer.

CHORUS OF VOICES.

Oh, hasten, happy golden time,
When Harvest fruits no more shall go
To aid Intemperance in its task
Of working misery and woe;
But every apple-tree shall own
Its fruit, for Temperance alone.

INTEMPERANCE (*approaching* HARVEST, *and taking a bunch of grapes*).

The fruit of the vine, O Harvest, you'll yield
To my urgent demand, I foresee.
From solid to liquid, these grapes must be changed
Ere they can be useful to me.

With bright sparkling wine, I dare many approach,
Who would shun any coarser device
To capture their wills, and bring them to shame,
I'll have wine whate'er be its price.

TEMPERANCE (*taking grapes*).

Oh, fruit of the vine,
Fair fruit of the vine,
Your grace and your beauty I sing.

Your clusters so fair,
Of beauty so rare,
Are an offering worthy a king.

What luscious delight,
In these globules so bright,
Shall moisten the lips, parched and dry,
Of an invalid friend,
To whom I may send
Of this beautiful fruit—a supply.

Then the raisins I need!
Without raisins, indeed
My Christmas plum-cake would be naught.
So give of your store
To me, I implore;
Not evil, but good, is my thought.

CHORUS OF VOICES.

Oh, hasten, happy golden time,
When Harvest fruits no more shall go
To aid Intemperance in its task
Of working misery and woe;
But every laden vine shall own
Its fruit, for Temperance alone.

INTEMPERANCE (*taking a sheaf of grain from the basket held by* HARVEST).

The barley, the corn, and the wheat must be mine,
I need them all for my work
Of preparing the draught for men to imbibe,
In which germs of misery lurk.

'Tis true, what I take, might save many a life,
But 'tis not my trade to do good.
Of this grain I'll make whiskey and brandy and beer,
No matter who suffers for food.

Then give me large share of the Harvest-yield,
For while men approve of my course,
I'll poison with whiskey and cider and wine,
Nor feel any twinge of remorse.

TEMPERANCE (*taking grain*).

The fields of ripe grain,
Of ripe, golden grain,
All honor to them in my song,
My voice I will raise,
To give them all praise,
For to them doth honor belong.

They've millions to feed ;
And on them, indeed,
The lives of the people depend.
Of corn or of wheat,
Is made the bread sweet,
Which the hungry are sure to commend.

Then give to my use
And deny to abuse,
Your stores, gracious Harvest, I pray.
When used as a food,
Grain is alone good ;
As a drink—'tis accursed for aye.

CHORUS OF VOICES.

Oh, hasten, happy golden time,
When Harvest fruits no more shall go
To aid Intemperance in its task
Of working misery and woe ;
But apple, grape, and grain shall be
For Temperance—a solid three.

THE SEASONS; OR, A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

For a Boy and Three Girls.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

BOY (*representing Winter, with overcoat and cap on, and dragging a sled*).

I am Winter, and come on a visit, you see,
And hope we'll be happy as happy can be.
You must not think me cold because covered with snow ;
Why, my heart is so warm that I'm all in a glow.
And you will be, too, if you take my advice,
That is, put on your skates, and go out on the ice,
Or get out your sleigh, and away to the hill,
Or whatever you are doing, just do with a will.
Some say I am cruel, and punish with cold
The poor and the ragged, decrepit and old.
I know many suffer, but I'm not to blame,
It is rum that brings nakedness, sorrow, and shame !

Then drive out the rum-king, his whiskey and beer,
And the sorrow they cause will soon disappear.
And remember that no greater fib can be told,
Than that "Rum is a friend that will keep out the cold."
And that *he* is needed because *I* am here
Is untrue, yet believed by too many, I fear.
But you'll not believe it, I feel very sure,
For you know that *cold water* will help you endure
And even enjoy my visit, but now
It is time I was closing, and making my bow.

GIRL (*representing Spring, with bright dress, and carrying flowers and grasses*).

My name is Spring. I have just called to say,
How do you do? and then away.
Winter is always such a tease,
And likes to bother, to pinch, and squeeze
Until if you could see my toes,
You'd find them redder than my nose.
I'll come again with sun and showers,
And bring you baskets full of flowers.

GIRL (*representing Summer, dressed in white dress, and carrying fan and bunch of grain*).

I'm Summer, and like Sister Spring
Not here to stay, but just run in
To tell you I will come again
With early fruit, and ripened grain,
And warm and bright delightful weather;
We'll wander in the woods together.

You'll go out camping by the sea,
And jolly picnics there will be.
I'll close the schools that you may play,
And bring you Independence Day.

GIRL (*representing Autumn, decked with autumn leaves, and carrying fruit*).

My name is Autumn. I should not be here
As you all understand at this time of the year.
But I come with my sisters; of course you know why,
And am coming again to remain by and by.
Then I shall be dressed in such gorgeous array,
Bright scarlet and purple, blue, yellow, and gray.
I shall bring you such baskets of apples and grapes,
Corn, pumpkins, and squashes of curious shapes,
The roots from the earth, and fruit from the tree,
The fowls of the air, and fish of the sea,
All these I will bring; and oh, yes, by the way,
I shall bring you some turkeys for Thanksgiving Day.
And even with these I know you'd be blue,
Unless I should bring an election or two.
So I'll bring them, but ask you to promise one thing,
That you will not destroy any blessing I bring;
Make corn into whiskey, or grapes into wine,
(Turn to poisonous drink the fruit of the vine.)

SPRING. Though we are related, we only appear
(*All together*). Together to wish you a Happy New-Year.

WINTER. Hereafter you'll see us but one at a time,
So good-night, for this is the end of my rhyme.

THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY.

A Christmas Program for Primary Departments.

BY MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.

I.—Song, "Ring, ye happy Christmas bells," or any familiar Christmas song.

II.—Prayer of thanksgiving for Christmas.

III.—Recitations.

(1.) *A little boy, with a shepherd's crook in his hand, recites:* "And there were shepherds in the same country, abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock."

(2.) *Another little boy, with a crook, recites:* "And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid." *(Both boys put their hands over their eyes.)*

(3.) *A little girl, dressed in white, and with wings made of tarlatan, recites* : "And the angel said unto them, 'Be not afraid; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there is born unto you this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes and lying in a manger.'"

(4.) *Chorus by several little girls, dressed in white:* "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased." *(They retire from the platform.)*

(5.) *The two boys, who represent shepherds, recite to-*

gether: "And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into Heaven, the shepherds said one to another, 'Let us go now even into Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass.'"

(6.) *The whole class together recites, or a dozen or fifteen of the larger boys and girls:* "And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it, they made known concerning the saying which was spoken to them about this child."

(7.) *The teacher recites:* "And all that heard it wondered at the things which were spoken unto them by the shepherds."

(8.) *The two boys reappear and recite:* "And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken unto them."

(9.) *A little girl, carrying a large gilt star, recites:* "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we saw His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.'"

(10.) *Whole class recites, or the larger boys and girls:* "And when Herod the king heard it, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And gathering together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ should be born."

(11.) *Two little boys, carrying a roll, open it and recite:* "And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written by the prophet: And thou Bethlehem,

land of Judah, art in no wise least among the princes of Judah : for out of thee shall come forth a governor, which shall be the Shepherd of my people Israel."

(12.) *Some one, out of sight, recites :* "Then Herod privily called the wise men, and learned of them carefully what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search out carefully concerning the young Child ; and when ye have found Him, bring me word, that I also may come and worship Him."

(13.) *Whole class recites, or the larger boys and girls :* "And they, having heard the king, went their way."

(14.) *The little girl with the gilt star again appears walking across the platform, and recites :* "And lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them till it came and stood over where the young Child was."

(15.) *Three boys, with gilt crowns on their heads, and beautiful boxes in their hands, advance toward the star and recite :* "And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

(16.) *The same boys kneel and recite :* "And they came into the house, and saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and they fell down and worshipped Him, and, opening their treasures, they offered unto Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh."

(17.) *The larger boys and girls, or the whole class recites as the boys retire :* "And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way."

IV.—Song, "Carol, Sweetly Carol," or any familiar Christmas song.

V.—*Two little girls, holding each other's hands, arms extended, filled in with hay to represent the manger, sing the "Child's Hymn," by Luther, to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," or it may be sung by the entire class:*

Away in a manger,
No crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
The poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus,
No crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus.
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib
Watching my lullaby.

The little girls remain standing on front of the platform. The Shepherds, the three Kings, and all the other characters group themselves around them. In the background place the chorus of girls. The two girls with the hay drop heads on breast as if asleep. The others put hands together, palms inward, and rest left cheek upon them as

if asleep. They make a very pretty tableau, while some one with a strong but tender voice sings the following solo:

TUNE—"*Nettleton,*" *found in any church hymnal.*

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, holy angels guard
Thy bed;
Heavenly blessings, without number, gently falling on
Thy head.
Soft and easy is Thy cradle, coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birth-place was a stable, and His softest bed
was hay.

The songs used in this program are to be found in "Little Pilgrim's Songs."

TWIDDLE, TWADDLE.
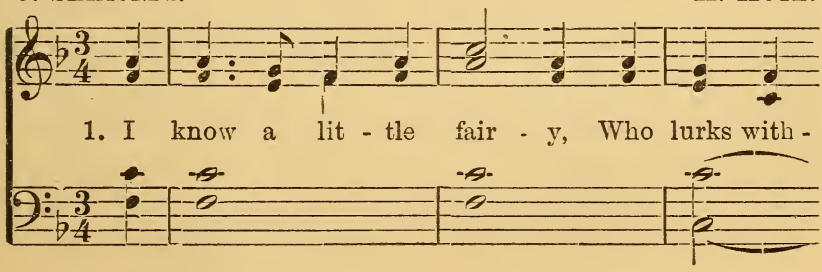
A Musical Dialogue for Three Girls.
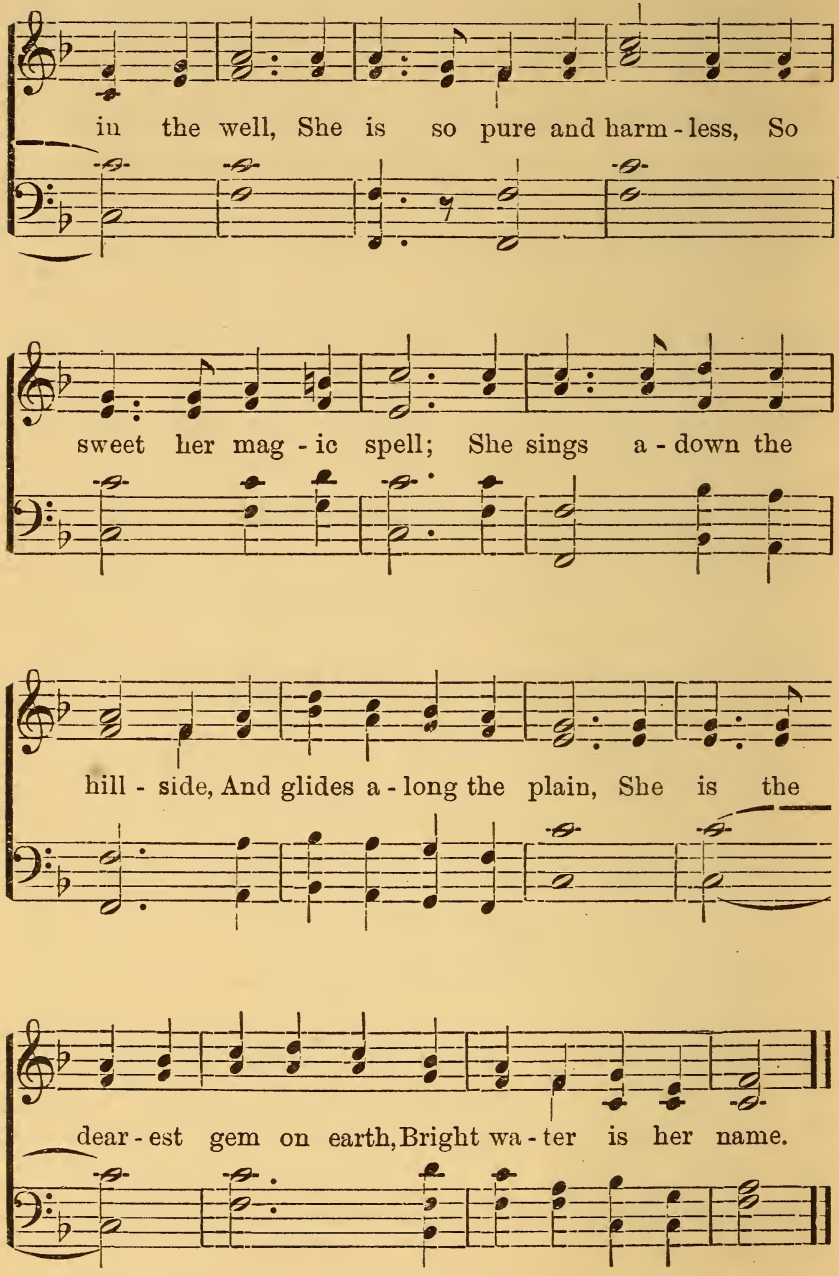
BY C. SIMMONDS.

KATE *and* ADA. LILY *should be the eldest. They enter singing:*

LITTLE FAIRY.

C. SIMMONDS. H. HOYE.




in the well, She is so pure and harm - less, So
sweet her mag - ic spell; She sings a - down the
hill - side, And glides a - long the plain, She is the
dear - est gem on earth, Bright wa - ter is her name.

I love this little fairy,
  Her charms are ever new,
I know she'll ne'er deceive me,
  She is so pure and true;
She bringeth peace and plenty,
  And giveth health again—
This sweetest, dearest gift of
    Heav'n—
  Bright water is her name.

Ah! pretty little fairy,
  Thou shalt be ever mine.
A sweeter, dearer friend thou,
  Than rich and ruby wine.
Then hail! blest little fairy,
  For ever dear to me;
O may the day be far
    away,
  That parteth me and thee.

LILY. I rather like that song, for I *do* believe in water.

KATE. Yes, of course, everybody knows that, who knows you.

ADA. I like water, too, though I believe it hurts folks sometimes.

LILY. And when, pray?

ADA. O . . . when . . . when they can't get enough of it. At least that's when it hurts *me.*

KATE. Why! you must be a little *duck*, dear!

ADA. Humph! that's queer.

LILY. What's queer?

ADA. How Kate can be a *duck* and *dear.*

KATE. O that's a pointless pun, I fear.

LILY. Your wits seem dry as a toper's throat, although you are teetotalers.

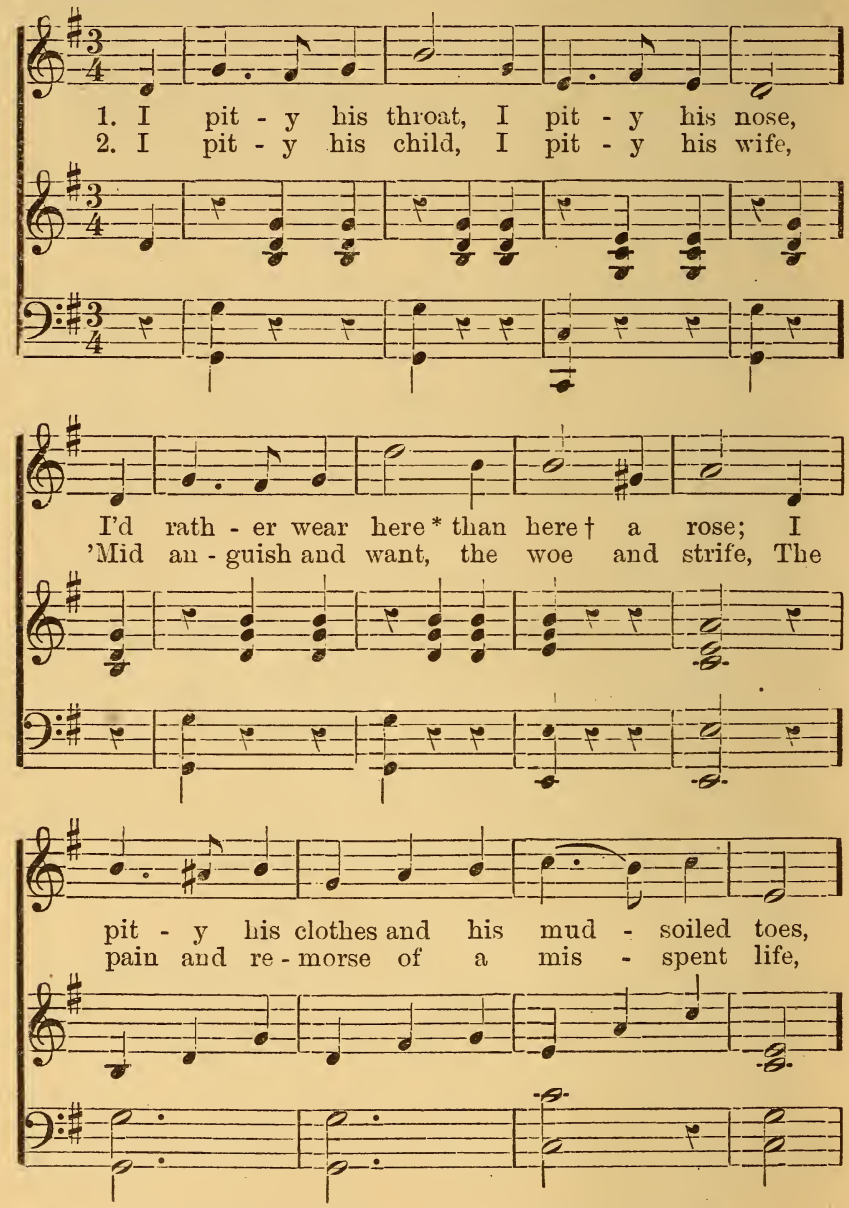
ADA. Then it's *dry wit*, indeed, and I pity the toper.

LILY. And so do I.
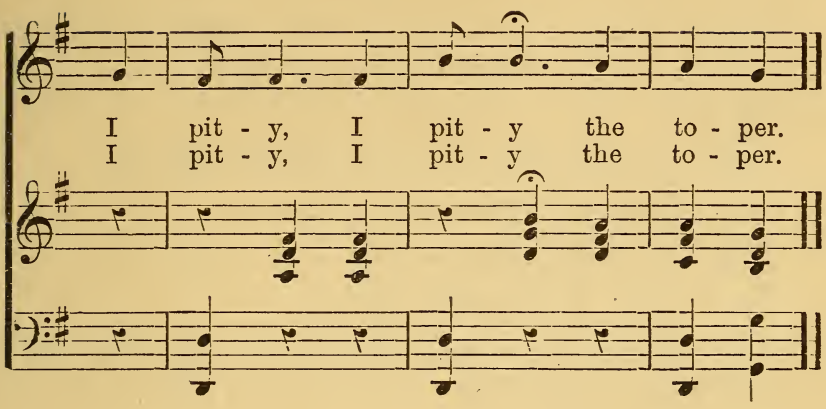
(LILY *sings; and at the first "here" points to her cheek, at the second to her nose.*)

I PITY THE TOPER.

C. Simmonds. H. Hoye.


1. I pit - y his throat, I pit - y his nose,
2. I pit - y his child, I pit - y his wife,
I'd rath - er wear here * than here † a rose; I
'Mid an - guish and want, the woe and strife, The
pit - y his clothes and his mud - soiled toes,
pain and re - morse of a mis - spent life,

* Points to her cheek. † Points to her nose.



ADA. O that's all twiddle, twaddle.

KATE. What is?

ADA. Why, all the tales people tell about the drink. I drink water because, like all children, I like it best; but I don't believe the goody-goody, chocolate-cream stories they tell us in Band of Hope and other children's temperance meetings.

KATE. O, I do: *children* wouldn't like water best if it weren't best.

ADA. Well, yes, of course, we children *are* the best judges. Still, my father drinks, and—my dress is as good as yours.

KATE. Well, and mine is as good as yours.

ADA. Well!

KATE. Well!!

LILY. *Wells*, my dears, are made to hold water; children are made to hold—*their tongues*.

ADA. O, I thought children were made to eat sweets and nurse dollies.

KATE. To eat sweets and nurse "dollies," the i-d-e-a!

LILY. Well, if you children will quarrel, we may as well *draw a ring*. *(She walks around them as if drawing a ring.)*

KATE. *Draw* a ring ; oh, I'd rather *wear* one.

ADA. Yes, but you'd wear it out.

KATE. Certainly, *out of doors*.

LILY. No ; *out of vanity*, dear.

ADA. What, the ring ? Then we'd *wring* the vanity out of her, just as mother does out of a towel.

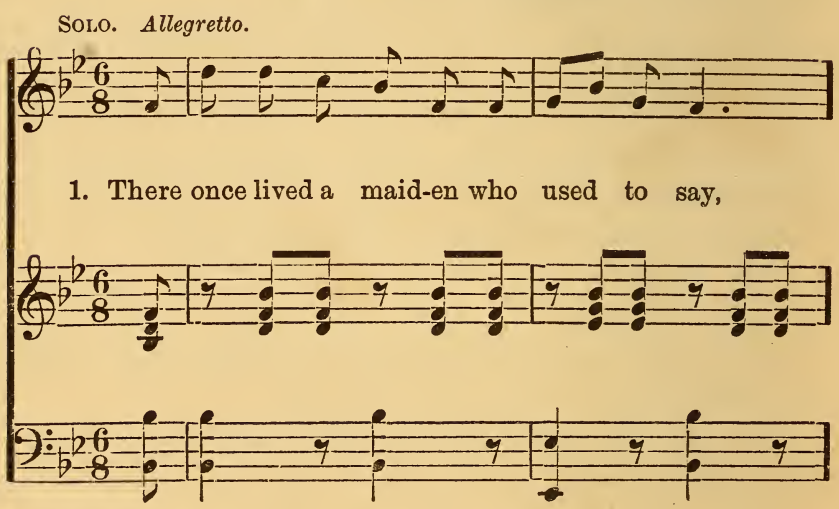
KATE. Then I should *howl*.

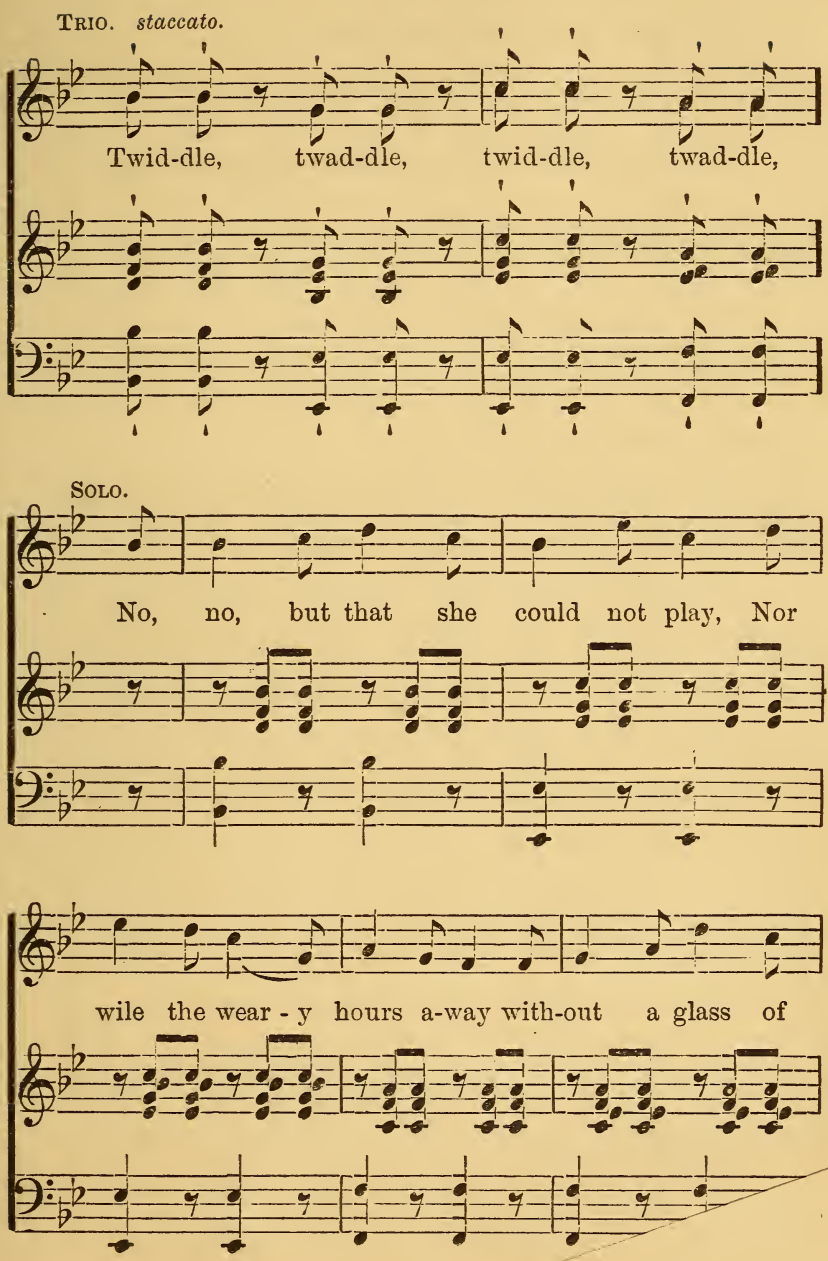
LILY. I fear we are all talking twiddle, twaddle.

ADA. Come, then, and we'll sing it instead.

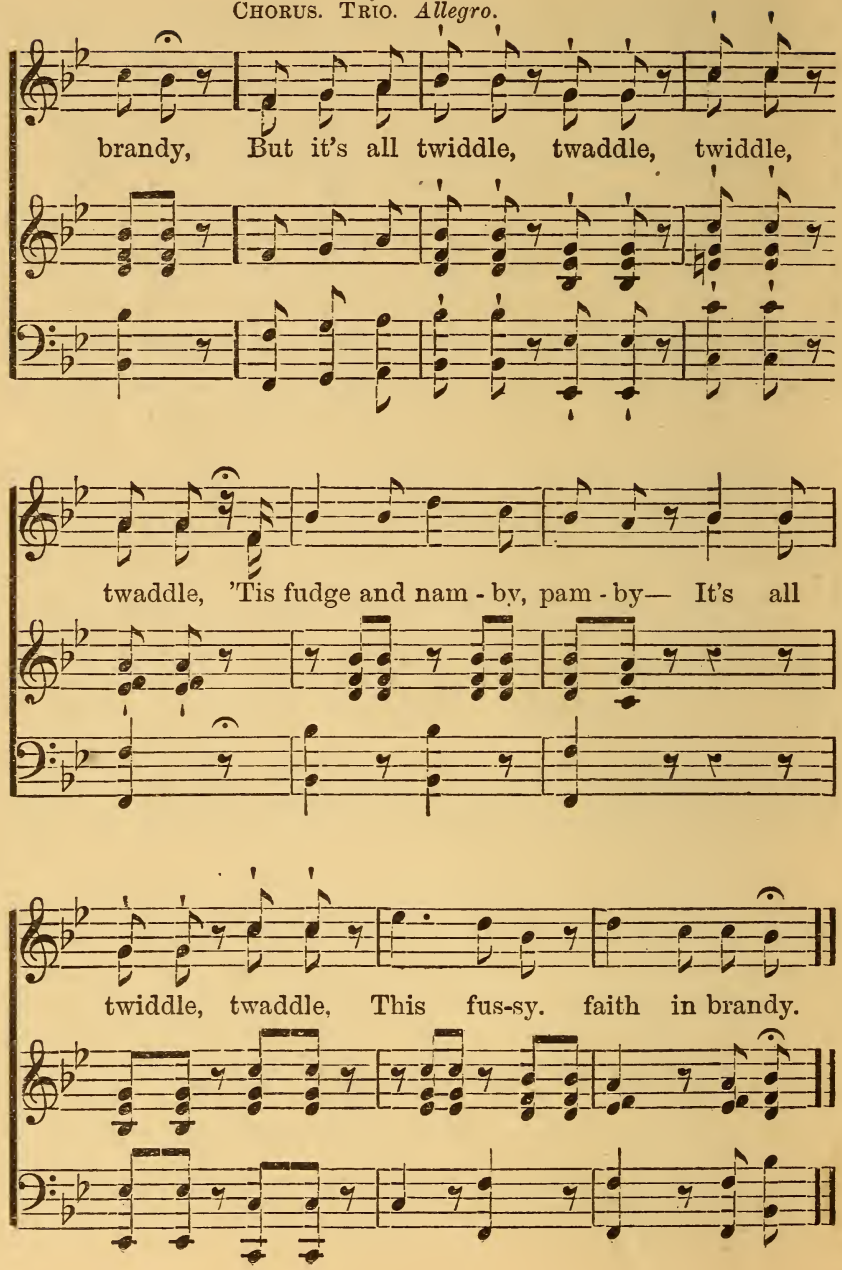
(ADA *sings ;* KATE *and* LILY *assisting, as marked.*)

TWIDDLE, TWADDLE.




TRIO. *staccato.*
Twid-dle, twad-dle, twid-dle, twad-dle,
SOLO.
No, no, but that she could not play, Nor
wile the wear - y hours a-way with-out a glass of

CHORUS. TRIO. *Allegro.*


brandy, But it's all twiddle, twaddle, twiddle,
twaddle, 'Tis fudge and nam - by, pam - by— It's all
twiddle, twaddle, This fus-sy. faith in brandy.

LILY. Well, come, now; let us be serious awhile. Can either of you tell me what strong drink is good for?

KATE. O, yes, I can.

ADA. Well?

KATE. O, it's good for—*nothing.*

ADA. My grandmother used to say it was good for sick folk; it had saved many lives.

KATE. Yes, in the same way as the boy said the pin had.

ADA. How?

KATE. O, by *not swallowing* it.

LILY. That is true; really, people get well much faster and more surely without the drink than with it. Our Temperance Hospital cures all manners of diseases, and the doctors have only given alcohol once.

ADA. And then——

KATE. O, I know; it was as in the case of a noted collector of subscriptions, – *the beggar died.*

ADA. Did he? I wonder what *color.*

KATE. O, a *rum*-y one, you may be sure.

ADA. But, Lily, don't you think it makes men work?

KATE. I do; they *work hard* to enable them to *drink long,* and by *drinking hard* they are compelled to *work long.* It makes them *work.*

LILY. No, Ada; somebody says a workingman has no more need of drink than a duck has of an umbrella. That is true; strong drink is mainly composed of water and poison, called Alcohol, with a little decayed hop leaf, a little dust and a little dirt added. When people work, they waste muscle, heat, and energy. Food replaces the loss, but strong drink cannot do this, because it has no muscle-making, heat or energy-giving principles in it.

KATE. Dr. Lily, M.D. But, I say, Lily, *how* DO YOU KNOW, you know?

LILY. It's easy enough to know. How do you know that Ada's alive?

KATE. O—by pinching her. *(She pinches, and* ADA *cries out, "Oh!")* There!

LILY. Just so! which means we know by results, and that's how we know that people are better without the drink.

KATE. I see,—by *pinching them.*

ADA. No, Lily means by experience *(she rubs her pinched arm)*; gangs of men who don't drink can, other things being equal, do more work than gangs of men who do drink, and do it with less exhaustion, too.

KATE. Gangs of men!

ADA. Yes, and single men as well.

KATE. O, *sing'e,* not *married* men.

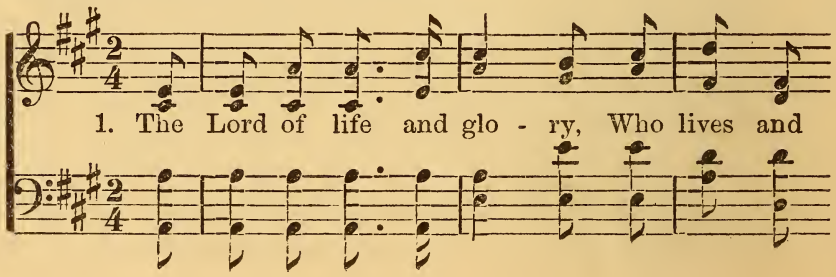
LILY. O, how *dull* you are.

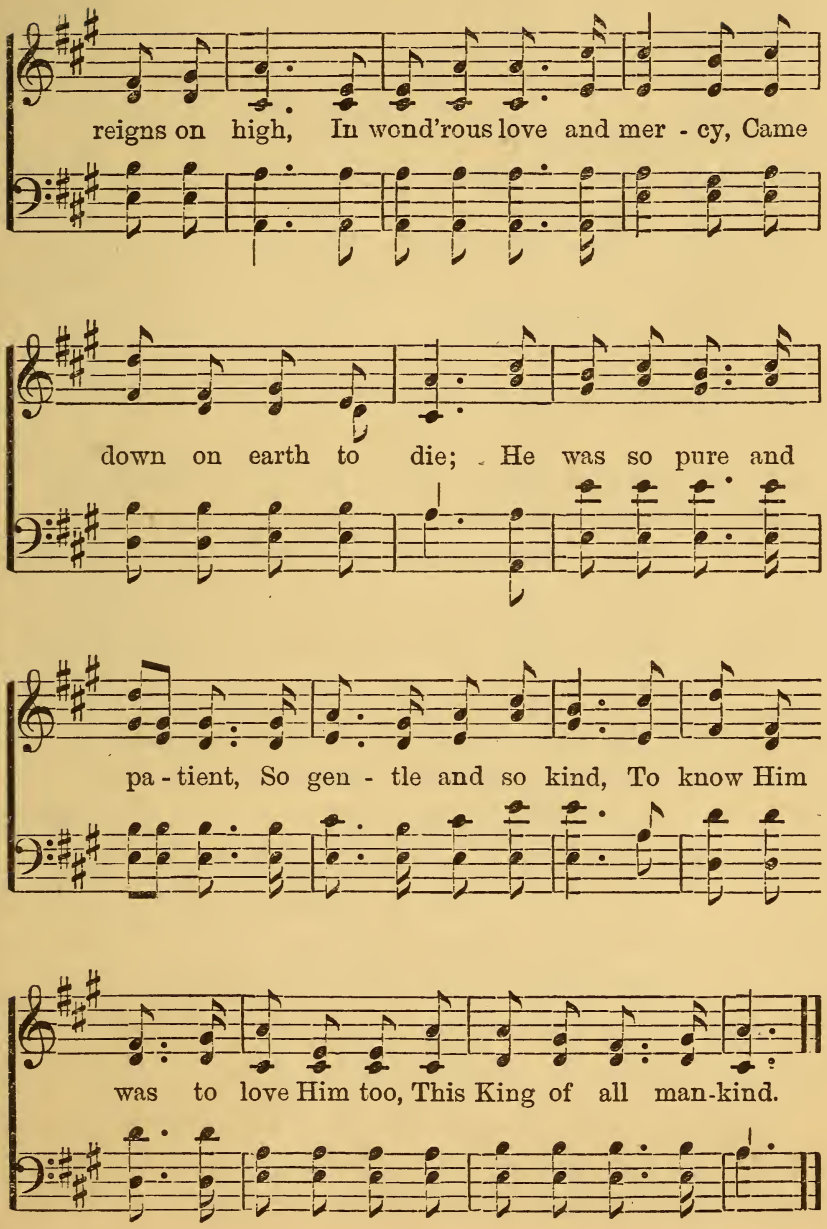
KATE. Because your speech is so *dark.*

LILY. Come, then; we'll brighten all by singing our pretty song we learned last Sunday. *(They all sing.)*

THE KING OF ALL MANKIND.

Words and Music by C. SIMMONDS.




reigns on high, In wond'rous love and mer - cy, Came
down on earth to die; He was so pure and
pa - tient, So gen - tle and so kind, To know Him
was to love Him too, This King of all man-kind.

He loved the little children,
Who clambered on His knee,
He suffered pain and anguish,
That they might happy be;
He grieves to see them sinful,
Unruly, and unkind,
He loves to make them pure and good,
This King of all mankind.

And though no more He wanders
Amid the children here,
Each little happy songster
To Him is very dear.
And He their prayers will answer,
And each a place will find,
In the dear loving heart of His,
This King of all mankind.

A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

ARRANGED BY L. PENNEY.

SINGING (*Tune—"Harwell," found in any church hymnal*).

Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!"

RESPONSES.

LEADER. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

SCHOOL. Saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.

LEADER. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

SCHOOL. And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

LEADER. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

SCHOOL. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

LEADER. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger.

SCHOOL. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying:

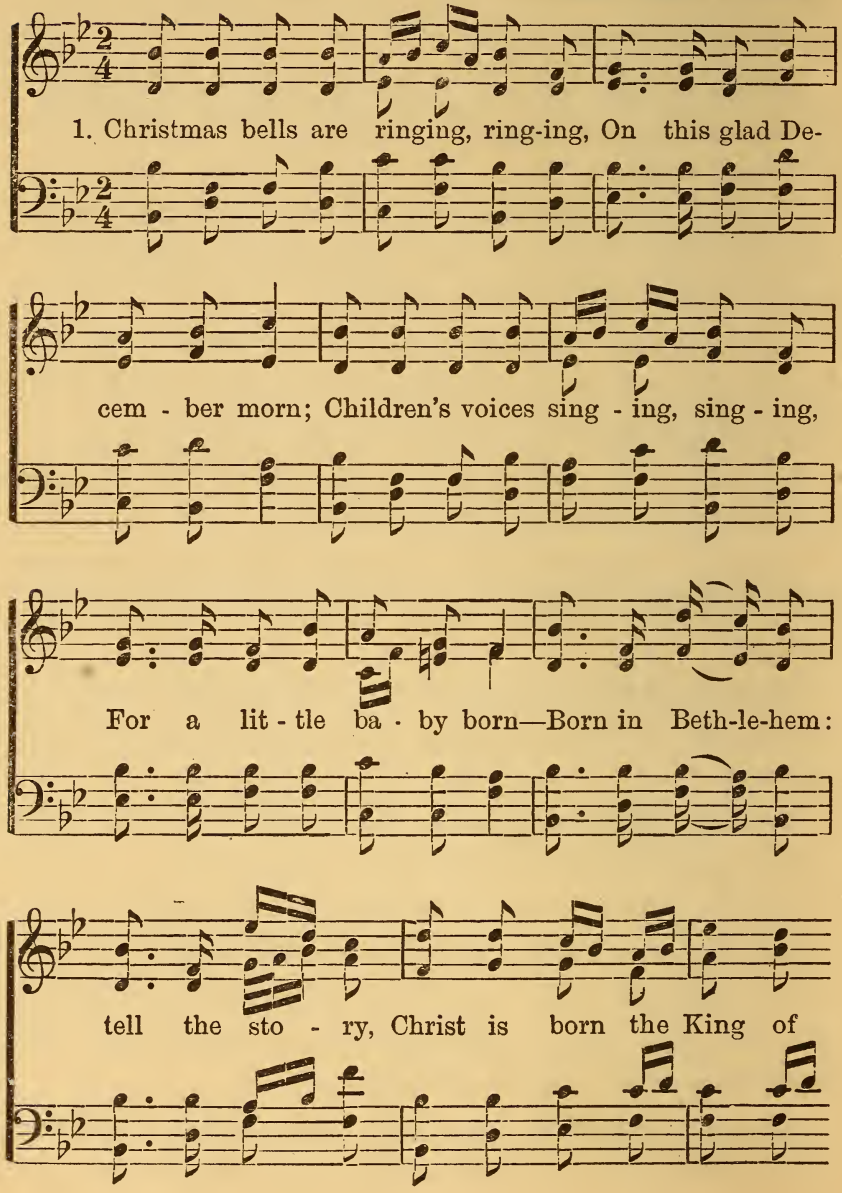
LEADER Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.

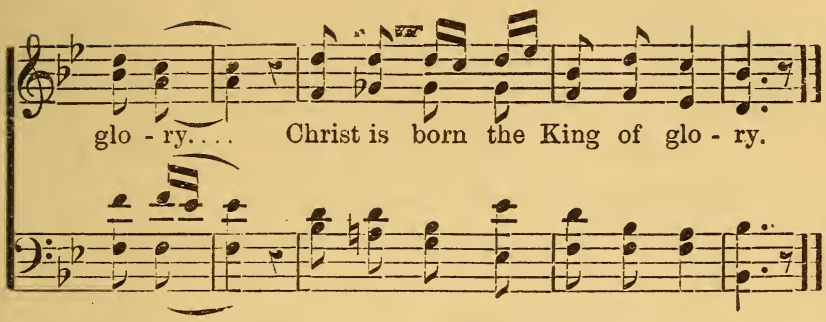
SCHOOL. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

LEADER. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

MISS BELLE PENNEY.


1. Christmas bells are ringing, ring-ing, On this glad De-
cem - ber morn; Children's voices sing - ing, sing - ing,
For a lit - tle ba - by born—Born in Beth-le-hem:
tell the sto - ry, Christ is born the King of



While the shepherds watch were keeping,
Thro' the silent, starry night,
O'er their flocks on hill-sides sleeping,
Lo, they saw a wondrous sight,
And they heard a gladsome singing,
:‖ Thro' the vaulted heavens ringing. :‖

"Fear not," said an angel stranger,
"For 'tis joyful news I bring;
In a stable, in a manger,
There is born an infant King.
Go and seek Him: tell the story,
:‖ Christ is born the King of glory." :‖

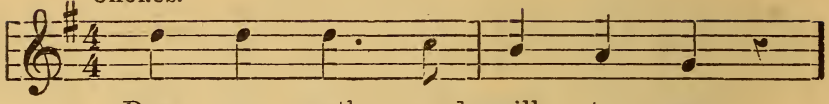
RECITATION.

To be given by a Young Lady.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted, clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the shepherd said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead,
Sang,

CHORUS.



Peace on earth, good will to men.

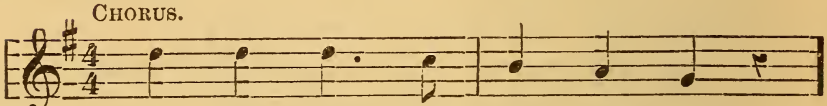
'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb
We wait for Him like those of yore ;
Alas ! He seems so slow to come.

But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing,

CHORUS.



Peace on earth, good will to men.

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel's song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

J. R. LOWELL.

LEADER. Give me some of the names of Jesus?

1ST CHILD. *He was called Jesus.* The angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in a dream, saying, "Mary shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call Him *Jesus;* for He shall save His people from their sins."

2D CHILD. *He was called Christ.* The angel said unto the shepherds, "Unto you is born a Saviour, which is *Christ* the Lord."

3D CHILD. They shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

4TH CHILD. His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

5TH CHILD. The prophet Jeremiah called Him the *Branch,* saying, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous *Branch.*"

6TH CHILD. Isaiah said, "There shall come forth a *Rod* out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots."

7TH CHILD. Isaiah also called Him a *Root:* "In that day there shall be a *Root* of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek."

8TH CHILD. Solomon speaks of Him as the *Rose of Sharon* and the *Lily of the Valley.*

9TH CHILD. Jesus said, "I am the true Vine, and my Father is the Husbandman."

10TH CHILD. Jesus said, "I am the *Bread of Life;* he that cometh unto me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

11TH CHILD. Jesus said, "I am the *Door;* by me, if

any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."

12TH CHILD. Jesus said again, "I am the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life;* no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

13TH CHILD. John the Baptist, seeing Jesus, said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

14TH CHILD. He is also called a *Rock*. "Thou art my *Rock* and the God of my salvation."

SINGING (*Tune—"Christmas," found in any church hymnal, or any other C. M. tune*).

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

THE SEXTON.

Recitation by a Boy.

When the Sexton came to the tower stair,
Where the coil of bell-rope lay,
He cheerily called, "Old bell up there,
Ring out! it is Christmas-day!"

He seized the rope in each wrinkled hand,
He pulled with a youthful might,
Till the glad sound pealed o'er the sleeping land,
And soared to the stars so bright.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the stars o'er earth and main,
"What know you of Christmas-tide?
We shone on that far-off Eastern plain
Where a star was the wise men's guide.

"We saw the Child in His manger bed,
And the gifts that the magi gave,
And we shall shine when your voice has fled,
We shall shine on the Sexton's grave!"

Said the Sexton: "Stars! to you 'twas given
To herald the Christmas birth;
Though the praise and the glory belong to heaven,
'Tis the joy belongs to earth."

HER GIFTS.

Recitation by a Girl.

A dear little mother is waiting apart,
The mother of children three;
"My Lord," she cries, in the hush of her heart,
"Wilt Thou take a gift from me?
I have heard the angels sing Thy birth,
I have followed Thy shining star,
And here at the shrine of all the earth,
Lo, I and my children are!

"And all in the glow of the Christmas morn,
My gold it lay at Thy feet,
I am leading my darlings with care unworn,
With brows that are pure and sweet;
Oh, never had gems from the mines such worth
As the treasure to-day I bring
To the beautiful shrine of all the earth,
To the glorious infant King!

"My children three, with their waving hair,
And the fearless look in their eyes—
They lisp Thy name in the vesper prayer,
And at matins when they rise;
Nothing they know of the dole and dearth
Of souls that with sin have striven,
They kneel at the shrine of all the earth—
'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"
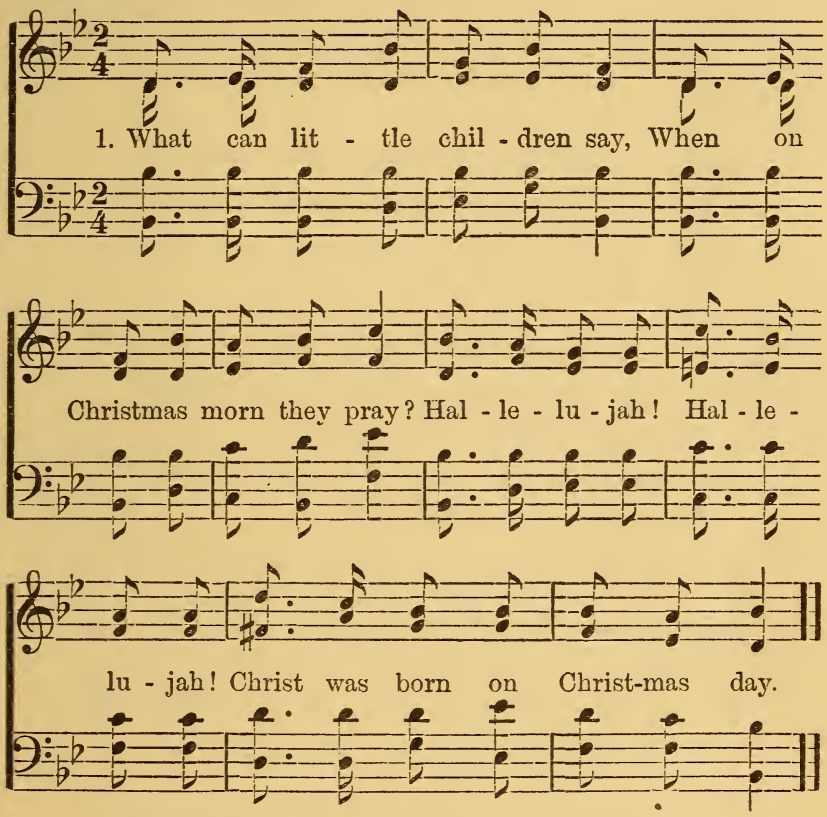
They stand in the shadow of pine fir;
They listen, and floating through
They teach the answer that's sent to her
Through a rift in the upper blue:
"Since the Christ-child came to the weary earth
No gifts are to Him so sweet
As the children's hearts, with their joy and mirth,
Lovingly brought to His feet!"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SINGING BY PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

THE CHILDREN'S HALLELUJAH.

EDWARD CARSWELL.



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Will He hear our simple prayer,
Will He for the children care?
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
In his love we all may share.

When we make our voices ring,
What can little children sing?
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Jesus is our heavenly King.

If we come to Him to-day,
Will He bid us go away?
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! He will love and bid us stay.

WHAT THE LETTERS SPELL?

For Nine Little Children.

The letters should be made of evergreen sewed on white card-board or paper, which can be easily attached to Japanese fans or little banners.

The first verse, which is in the form of a question, can be given by a larger scholar, or the leader.

When Christmas is written on all around,
Have you thought what each letter spells
In the word that the children love so much,
And the wondrous story it tells?

FIRST CHILD, *with Letter* C.

My letter tells of the Child who was born
On that Christmas long ago,
Of the Christ who came from heaven above
To us on the earth below.

SECOND CHILD, *with Letter* H.

Mine tells of the far-away Holy land,
The land of the Christ-child's birth;
Of the Homes He blessed; of the Happiness
He brought to the sin-cursed earth.

THIRD CHILD, *with Letter* R.

And my letter tells *why* the Saviour came;
To Redeem the world from sin,
To Rescue the fallen, Relieve the sick,
And gather the children in.

FOURTH CHILD, *with Letter* I.

I would tell of *how* the Saviour came;
As an Infant tender and mild,

Of the Inn where the people had no room
To receive the Holy Child.

FIFTH CHILD, *with Letter* S.

I tell of the Star that the wise men saw
Shining far up in the sky ;
Of their path through the trackless desert, led
By the light that gleamed on high.

SIXTH CHILD, *with Letter* T.

And I tell of the Treasures the wise men poured
At the feet of the baby boy ;
Of the gold and the myrrh, and the precious stones
That told of their love and joy.

SEVENTH CHILD, *with Letter* M.

I would tell of the Manger where they laid
The Infant Lord of all,
Who found no home on the earth but this one
In the lowly oxen's stall.

EIGHTH CHILD, *with Letter* A.

I tell of the Angels that bore the news
To the shepherds watching near,
While the glory of God shone round about,
And filled their hearts with fear.

NINTH CHILD, *with Letter* S.

I sing of the Song that the angels sang,
'Tis echoing now as then,

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth
Peace and good-will toward men."

ALL TOGETHER.

And we all sing the song with glad full hearts,
As the angels sang it then,
"Glory to God in the highest, on earth
Peace and good-will toward men."

MRS. C. H. STANLEY.

(*The children appear, one by one, and remain on the platform after reciting, forming a semicircle.*)

THREE LITTLE STOCKINGS.

Recitation by a Boy.

Three little stockings, dainty and small, hanging against the firelit wall;
Empty they're hanging, limp and still, waiting for Santa Claus ready to fill.
The Christmas log, now burning low, lighting the room with its fitful glow,
Reveals far back in the shadowy deep, three little children fast asleep.

Over them bending with happy smile lighting her beautiful face the while,
A mother is watching with loving care, tenderly breathing for each a prayer.
At morning dawn three pairs of eyes open and sparkle with glad surprise;
For there, close against the sunlit wall, hang the three stockings, dainty and small.

No longer empty and limp and cold, but round and full as they can hold.
And the three voices shout in childish delight, "Santa Claus did find our stockings last night."
Three little stockings, knit of wool, hang in the sunlight, round and full,
Three little hearts are happy and light, making one fireside joyous and bright.

THREE LITTLE EMPTY STOCKINGS.

Recitation by a Girl.

Three little stockings, worn and old, hanging against the chimney cold ;
Empty they're hanging, limp and still, waiting for Santa Claus ready to fill.
The full moon through the window streams, flooding the room with its pale, cold beams ;
Only an attic, plain and small, with a rude cot-bed against the wall.

Three childish faces, round and fair, in innocent sleep are lying there ;
Close by the cot whereon they lay, a mother is kneeling, trying to pray.
Her pale, sad face, and silvered hair, tell of a life of want and care.
Nothing to buy her little ones bread, and scarcely a place to lay her head.

As the three empty stockings met her eyes, is it strange
that her faith grows cold and dies?
Or that, as she is vainly trying to pray, "O Father,
have mercy!" is all she can say?

On Christmas morning three pairs of eyes open in sorrowful, mute surprise;
For there, close against the chimney old, hang the three stockings empty and cold.
In one sad chorus the voices three cry, "Santa Claus didn't remember me!"
And the poor mother's heart sinks deep in despair as that pitiful wail rings out on the air.

Three empty stockings! The tale that they tell is known in many a home too well.
Three little hearts are heavy with woe, to think that old Santa neglected them so.
O ye who have plenty, enough and to spare, whose children know nothing of want or care,
While making them happy, forget not, I pray, the children whose stockings are empty to-day.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

Recitation by a Young Lady.

"One golden morn to Adine's home there came
The angel-bearer of a sweet behest—
'With loving care,
Adine, thy home prepare,
For Christ, the Lord, this day shall be thy guest.'

"With awe, Adine the heavenly message heard,
A holy hush fell on her heart and face;
And going to and fro,
She whispered low,
'To-day His presence shall make glad this place.'

"Long hours she watched—and while she bent her ear,
And thro' the twilight strained her eager sight,
A shadow crossed the floor,
And at the door
A sad-eyed child begged shelter from the night.

"But Adine, waiting for her kingly guest,
With hope and fear at war within her heart,
No thought or care
The weary child could spare,
And with ungracious alms bade him depart.

"Then suddenly the childish form was changed,
And with a look that smote her like a sword—
All fair and bright,
In robes of silvery white—
He turned and said, 'Adine, behold thy Lord.'

"And while with trembling hands her face she hid,
The glory faded that thro' the place had shone;
The sheen of pinions fair
Swept thro' the silent air,
And in the twilight dim she stood alone.

"Still for the Master's coming Adine waits,
But help from those who need no more withholds,
For, evermore
In all who seek her door,
Adine the image of her Lord beholds."

RESPONSES.

LEADER. What spirit should prevail at this happy season of the year?

SCHOOL. The spirit of love, joy, peace, contentment, and good-will to others.

LEADER. What in a large measure prevents this feeling?

SCHOOL. The evil of drunkenness.

LEADER. In what way?

SCHOOL. It causes poverty, sickness, and woe, making wretched many homes which otherwise might be glad.

LEADER. What is our duty toward this evil?

SCHOOL. We should abstain from all intoxicating liquors and induce others to do so also.

LEADER. Glory to God in the highest!

SCHOOL. On earth peace, good-will to men!

LEADER. Let temperance fill the earth, and then—

SCHOOL. Peace and good-will can reign.

CHRISTMAS FEASTS.

Recitation by a Boy.

Ah! 'tis an awful thing to ponder on, and think
That of all times the Christmas time is most defiled by drink!

That to commemorate the day of sweetest, holiest joy,
Brother to brother, friend to friend, gives that which will destroy.

So, friends, when Christmas really comes, and you the board shall spread,
And cheerfulness and happiness are round you freely shed,
And walls are decked, and songs are sung, and heart with heart is free,
Oh! let not that vile thing be seen which will pollute your glee.

Look not upon the wine-cup red, for though so fair 'twill bring
At last the serpent's poisonous bite, the adder's deadly sting;
But let the Christmas be, indeed, a holy feast-tide given,
A memory of joy on earth, a birthday guide to heaven.

FAITH CHILTERN.

I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Recitation by a Young Lady.

I wish you a Merry Christmas,
Dear hearers, one and all;
And this we know can be obtained
Without King Alcohol.
For he doth cause continually
Distress and many a sorrow,

Make wounds upon a Christmas-day,
And headaches on the morrow.

I wish you a Merry Christmas,
But 'midst our joys let's think
How many hearts are desolate
Through the accursed drink.
I wish you a Merry Christmas,
And friends around shall see,
Without the fiery liquor
How happy we can be.

I wish you a Merry Christmas,
To every child and man,
Indeed, to every woman too,
Who practices our plan.
In such a godly warfare,
Right onward let us steer;
So, I wish you a Merry Christmas,
And a happy coming year.

W. E. Churchill.

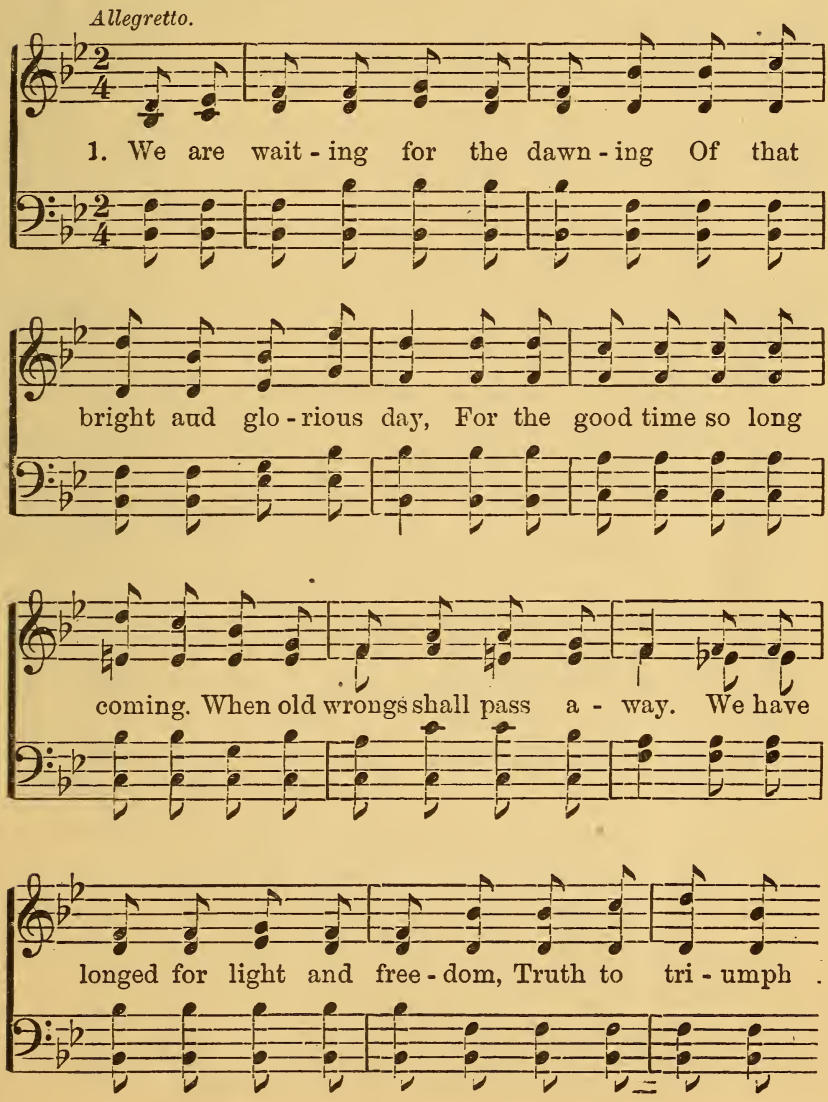
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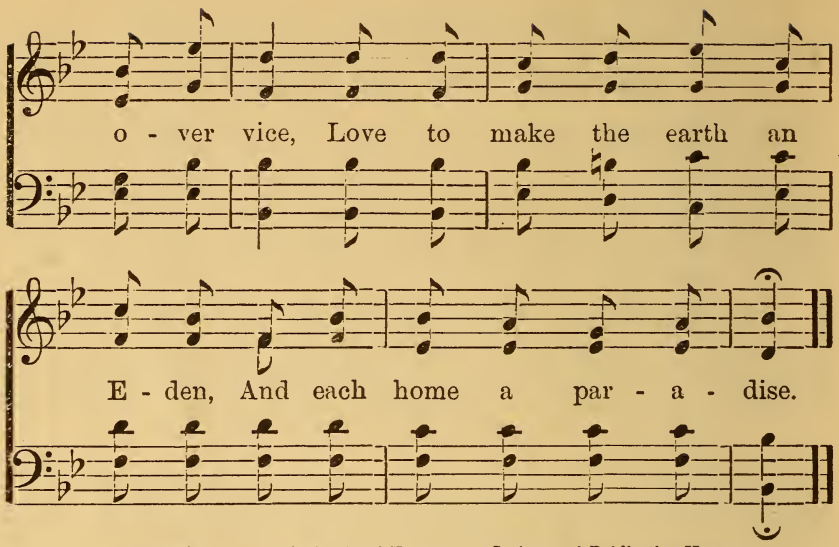
God hasten the day when Christian men
Shall cleanse their hands from the blood-red stain;
Shall rise and with thunder-voice demand
That the spoiler be banished from our fair land.
Then light and love and joy shall come
To brighten many a drink-cursed home,
And a deeper meaning shall swell the strain
Of "Glory to God! Good-will to man!"

SINGING.

WAITING FOR THE MORNING.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M.D H. P. DANKS.


Allegretto.
1. We are wait - ing for the dawn - ing Of that
bright and glo - rious day, For the good time so long
coming. When old wrongs shall pass a - way. We have
longed for light and free - dom, Truth to tri - umph .



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We are waiting for the morning
Night has been so dark and long,
Dimly now the day is dawning,
And we hail it with a song.
Light and truth to every nation,
Brightly now begins to shine,
Pæans rise from every station,
"Peace on earth and love divine."

We are waiting for the morning,
And our courage will not fail,
While our soul for light is yearning,
Until truth and right prevail.
We will work to banish sorrow,
Work and wait for human good,
Trusting to the coming morrow,
For the perfect brotherhood.

We have waited for this morning,
Thro' the long dark night of years,
But we now behold the dawning
While the light of truth appears.
Human hearts are sweetly singing,
"Mortals see with angels' ken,
Dove-winged Faith and Hope are bringing
Peace on earth, good-will to men."

DIBBLE'S DILEMMA; OR, HOW KING DABBLE GOT OVER THE TROUBLE.

BY ERIC ERNE.

CHARACTERS :

KING DIBBLE, } *Brothers: Monarchs of two*
KING DABBLE, } *distant countries.*
BUBBLE, } *Courtiers.*
BABBLE, }

SCENE.—KING DIBBLE'S PALACE.

Enter KING DIBBLE, *wearing a crown made of gilt paper.*

DIB. 'Tis somewhere written, or by some one said,
"That wears a crown, uneasy lies the head."
I beg (although I'm somewhat in the dark
As to its source) to second that remark.
To be a king and have to rule a nation
Is, at the best, a trying occupation.
One has so many folks in one's dominions
Who hold such sadly opposite opinions,
That there's no hope of pleasing every one,
While just a chance exists of pleasing none.
All countries are alike in this, no doubt,
But yet I can't help thinking mine's about
The worst of all. I'm always in a bother—
Always being plagued for something or another.
My life seems all redresses and retrievances.
There never was a land like mine for grievances.
The great, the small, the high, low, rich, and poor,
Have all some gross injustice to endure.
All grumble; and, what's more, they all protest
Their case to be much worse than all the rest.
What *is* a king to do? It's really vexing—
Confusing—puzzling—not to say perplexing!
I'm never calm, but like the restless ocean

Am kept in one continual commotion.
Well, well, they say this life's a sea of trouble,
And I agree with them. Ah! here comes Bubble.

Enter BUBBLE, *who bows low to* KING.

BUBBLE. Your majesty, I grieve to let you know—
DIB. (*aside*). Another grievance! I expected so.
BUB. Within your land there has been for some time
An increase most deplorable of crime.
DIB. I know it, sir; you needn't tell it me.
Think you I don't the daily papers see?
BUB. Your majesty may know it. But the cause?
DIB. Ah, that I *don't* know.
BUB. 'Tis defective laws!
DIB. Defective laws! Good gracious! my dear sir,
What, when we're making fresh ones every year?
BUB. Too many fresh ones, sire—half mere frivolity,
going in for quantity—not quality.
DIB. For that you politicians are to blame.
BUB. We should be if our views were all the same.
DIB. Well, one must take the views of the majority.
BUB. Yes, though, perchance, *right* be with the minority.
DIB. Unlikely that.
BUB. Indeed, I'm not so sure.
Self-interests majorities secure.
DIB. But you are one, I apprehend, who would
Forego self-interests for the general good?
BUB. Most noble sire, I am. Yet some there be
Who, in that matter, differ much from me.
DIB. There are, sir? You astonish me!
BUB. You will
I fancy, sire, be more astonished still,
If things go on as they are going now.
DIB. How shall we alter them?
BUB. I'll tell you how,
Your majesty. First, there must be a clause
Inserted in all now-existing laws

By which the punishment, when crime is clear,
Is made a very great deal more severe.

DIB. You think that would be wise?

BUB. My honored king,
Be wise? It is, in fact, the only thing
There is to do. On this we may rely.
Crime, if not checked at once, will, by and by,
Prevail so widely and become so strong
That we, who should have crushed it, may ere long
By it be crushed. All it will over-awe.
Where then will be "the strong arm of the law"?
Depend upon it, king whom all revere,
To gain respect, law must engender fear.
And, as that law's severity increases,
So crime declines, and ultimately ceases.

DIB. You speak well, Bubble, and be right you may.
But here is Babble. What has he to say?

Enter BABBLE, *who bows low to* KING.

How now, good Babble? What's the latest news?
I warrant me there's *some* one in the blues;
Or *some* one with a grievance, or *some* thing
With which to try the patience of the king.

BABBLE. No, sire; naught fresh. Stay though! we've caught a thief.

DIB. (*aside*). And is that all? Oh, what a sweet relief!
(*Aloud*). This comes, sir, at most opportune a time;
Our topic is the prevalence of crime.
And we would find some means for its prevention.
Perhaps *you* something of the kind can mention?
Good Bubble here thinks we'd our aim be nearer
By making all our laws a deal severer.

BAB. Sheer nonsense, sire. Good Bubble, pardon me.
A greater fallacy there could not be.
Mere child's talk — nothing more than Bubble's babble!

Don't think that you'll *that* way convert the rabble.
Make laws as strict and stringent as you will
And you'll have crime, you'll find, in plenty still.
Men, when their country's laws they do transgress,
Don't pause to think about it much, I guess.
And whether punishment be great or little,
Take my word for 't, affects them not a tittle.

BUB. Far be 't from me, friend Bab, to give offence,
But, 'pon my life, you've not a grain of sense.
You talk insanely! was there ever heard
An argument so utterly absurd?
Ridiculous! Why, every one must scout it.
It's as clear as day you don't know aught about it.

BAB. I don't know aught, sir! Bubble, you're a——
(*To* KING). Sire,
Is this man not enough to raise one's ire?
He talks to me as if I was—the flunkey!

DIB. He talks to you as if you were a monkey?

BAB. He does, sire; that's a fact; your words are true.

BUB. I don't know that he's *not* one, sire; do you?

BAB. Zounds, sir!

BUB. Well, sir?

DIB. Peace! you two noisy gentry.
This squabble's anything but parliament'ry.
You see, good Babble, Bubble has a plan,
Which he has stated. Now you, if you can,
Should state yours also.

BUB. That is, if you've got one.

BAB. (*asid*). I certainly shall drop that Bub. a hot one.
(*Aloud*). Oh, yes, I have one; good as yours—and better.

DIB. Then state it, pray, and render me your debtor.

BAB. My plan, sire, is simplicity itself.

BUB. It's sure to be from such a simple elf.

BAB. Upon my word, sire, this is much too bad.

DIB. Bubble, be quiet, or you'll drive him mad.

BUB. Not far to drive him, sire; he's on the border.

DIB. Bubble, once more your king calls you to order. (*To* BAB.) Proceed, sir.

BAB. Well, I was about to say,
My plan's as clear, as simple as the day;
And 'tis the *only* plan, you may depend,
By which to bring about the wished-for end.
There's not a doubt in any thoughtful mind
That we the fountain of all crime shall find
In ignorance. Ay, sire, you ope your eyes,
And look at me with wonder and surprise.
But still my words are true. The only way
To check the monster Crime, sire, is to slay
The monster Ignorance. Once strike him down
And Crime will never more upon us frown.
In short, my plan for working reformation
Is summed up in the one word—education.

BUB. Oh, dear, dear, dear! What, nothing more than that?
A fine plan, truly. Why, you awful flat!
The thing's as old as Adam. 'Tis a plan
That's been proposed by every mortal man
For centuries! one knows the kind of thing—
"Oh, educate the masses and you'll bring
About a state of wonderful morality."
Oh, dear, dear, dear! Excuse my joviality.
Why, it's been tried, and failed, no end of times;
We know of heaps of educated crimes.
A mighty plan indeed! it beats mine double.
Sheer windbag! one might call it Babble's bubble.
(*To* KING). Sire, what think you of it?

DIB. Well, I confess
I have grave doubts of its complete success.
You see, although, good Babble, education
Has certainly not reached *all* of our nation;
It has a vast proportion, and a movement
Ought surely to have set in of improvement,
Yet 'tis not so. Indeed, we own to-day,

The movement is, alas! the other way.
No, we've not hit the right nail yet, I see,
Still there must be a plan. What can it be?
We shall, I feel sure, know some day or other.

Enter KING DABBLE.

DABBLE. Well, Dibble.
DIB. Dabble? What, my worthy brother?
DAB. The same. I've left my kingdom for a space
To pay a flying visit to your place.
DIB. Delighted. You've a train with you, of course?
DAB. Oh, yes, about a hundred thousand horse.
DIB. Won't they walk in?
DAB. Thanks, they're quite satisfied.
I thought it better they should wait outside.
DIB. Well, brother, what an age since we met last.
DAB. Yes, isn't it? Time flies so plaguey fast.
DIB. And so you're king of all that distant land?
DAB. As you of this.
DIB. And are you *very* grand,
And wealthy, and illustrious, and so on?
DAB. Well, yes, we manage pretty well to go on.
DIB. Inform us of your country, state, and life.
DAB. My country's one that never harbors strife;
We live in peace with all our fellow-men.
DIB. What? Goodness gracious me. Say that again.
You never have disturbance, noise, nor riot?
How, *how* d'ye manage it?
DAB. By keeping quiet.
My people ne'er fall out nor disagree.
DIB. Mercy! I wish that was the case with me.
No fallings-out, no grievances, no grudges?
Bless me, then where's there work for all your judges?
DAB. We have no judges and no courts of law;
With us they've long been needless.
DIB. Needless? Pshaw!
You're joking, Dabble, nobody can doubt it.

DAB. Dibble, there's not the slightest joke about it.
DIB. No courts of justice? Bless my heart alive!
How then to punish crime do you contrive?
DAB. We have no crime.
DIB. }
BUB. } (*together*). No crime?
BAB. }
DIB. Oh! am I sane?
I won't ask you to say those words again,
'Twould be imposing on you. But—*no crime!*
Oh, prospect beatific! thought sublime!
Oh, picture marvellous! Dabble, explain
What is the spell o'erspreading your domain?
What is the secret of your happy land?
Here, vice and crime prevail on every hand
And law is set at naught and thieves abound,
And ill is rampant everywhere around.
Oh, tell me, brother Dabble, tell me, pray,
The potent charm that drives all these away!
DAB. 'Tis this; a simple one, you'll own, I think:
The absence of all alcoholic drink.
DIB. }
BUB. } (*together*). No alcohol?
BAB. }
DIB. Then no one e'er carouses?
Why, what's become of all your drinking-houses?
DAB. I've long since shut them up as needless pests.
I deemed it for our best interests.
DIB. And did the nation mind it?
DAB. Yes, most strongly,
And at the time thought I was acting wrongly,
But soon 'twas proved, and proved beyond a doubt,
That it was time and labor well laid out.
BAB. (*to* BUB.) Bubble, I knew your babble from the first.
BUB. (*to* BAB.) Babble, my friend, your precious bubble's burst.

DIB. Bubble and Babble, courtiers good and true,
The day's arrived that I alluded to.
I quite believe that we have found the way
The much-lamented march of crime to stay.
We will do nothing rash ; but mark me well,
Broken must be that crime's long potent spell,
And, if all other means we vainly try,
If still the tyrant dare us to defy,
Then, as elsewhere they've done, so we must do,
E'en banish alcohol from this realm too.

BEWARE OF THE SALOONS.

BY H. ELLIOTT M'BRIDE.

Characters:

MR. DAVIS. MRS. FAIRFAX.
MRS. DAVIS. MRS. BOLIVAR.
EDWIN DAVIS.

ACT I.

SCENE. *A Room.* MRS. DAVIS *and* MRS. FAIRFAX, *seated.*

MRS. FAIRFAX. You have heard that Mr. Stevenson has decided to open a saloon in our village. We think that if all, or nearly all, the villagers unite in asking that he give up the idea, he may do so.

MRS. DAVIS. Why, Mrs. Fairfax, that's no affair of mine. If a man wants to open a saloon and sell intoxicating liquor, I don't think I should trouble myself about it. It is his own business—not mine.

MRS. FAIRFAX. But you have a son, Mrs. Davis, and who knows but he may be led to drink if a saloon should be opened?

DRS. DAVIS. My son be led to drink! Edwin go to a saloon! Why, Mrs. Fairfax, you might as well tell

me that Edwin hadn't been properly brought up. Haven't I talked to him about the evils of intemperance? Haven't I inculcated right principles into him ever since he was a child upon my knee? Of course, I have. And now for you to say to me that Edwin is likely to go to the saloon and learn to drink and become a drunkard, is to speak very unkindly, indeed. If you were not an old and tried friend, I should be forced to conclude that you wished to insult me.

Mrs. Fairfax. Eleanor, you are too hasty. I did not say that Edwin was likely to become a drunkard. I only said that if a saloon should be opened in the village your son, although carefully trained, might be led away. Strong drink has overcome strong men, and temptation has led many young men from the right path.

Mrs. Davis. Well, I have no fears for Edwin. He has always been a good boy, and I have all confidence in him. If I should sign your petition and he should know it, he would think I had lost confidence in him. I am not afraid of Edwin. There may be many in the village who have wayward sons, or sons who have not been carefully taught. They may sign the petition, and it is only right that they should sign it, but the matter does not concern me, and why should I interfere?

Mrs. Fairfax. But do you not think that it would be right for you to sign the paper if by so doing you could save some young man from being led into the path of the drunkard?

Mrs. Davis. No, I shall not interfere. It is not a matter that concerns me. If there are any who have not educated their children properly, and if there are any young men who are in danger of becoming drunkards, it is their parents' business and not mine. They should sign your paper, for it is a matter that concerns them.

Mrs. Fairfax *(rising)*. Well, I have presented the

case to you. There are many others I want to see, so I must bid you good-morning.

MRS. DAVIS. Good-morning. (*Exit* MRS. FAIRFAX.)

Enter MRS. BOLIVAR.

MRS. BOLIVAR. What was that woman arter?

MRS. DAVIS. She wanted me to sign a petition asking the man, who thinks of opening a saloon, to refrain from doing so.

MRS. BOLIVAR. Wall, yeou signed it, I s'pose?

MRS. DAVIS. Indeed I did not. It was no affair of mine.

MRS. BOLIVAR. Didn't sign it! Why, yeou ain't a heathen woman, are yeou? Do yeou want this place turned into a drinkin', drunken taown—a reg'lar pandemonium on airth?

MRS. DAVIS. It doesn't follow that it will become such simply because they are about to open a saloon.

MRS. BOLIVAR. But I tell yeou it *does* foller. If they open up the saloon yeou'll soon see what kind of a taown yeou'll have here. Hain't I lived all my life in a taown where they had a saloon? Wall, I reckon I have, and I know jest what kind of a place it is, and what a saloon will do. Yeou'd better run arter that woman and ax her to come back, so's yeou can sign the petition.

MRS. DAVIS. Indeed, I shall do no such thing. It doesn't concern me whether they open a saloon or not.

MRS. BOLIVAR. But I say it does concern yeou. Haven't yeou got a boy, and isn't he likely to fall?

MRS. DAVIS. No, he is not likely to fall. Edwin has been carefully taught. He has been warned against the evils of intemperance as well as against other evils.

MRS. BOLIVAR. Yas, but warnin's don't allers save boys, partic'larly where there's temptation in the way. I'm yeour sister-in-law, Eleanor, and I know what's what, and I wouldn't interfere in the case if I didn't know it was for the good of yeour boy. Deown in Pocomoke, whar I live, there's a family by the name of

Rowland. They have two boys, and them two boys are goin' to destruction jest as fast as they can travel. The grog-shop's what's doin' it too. Their mother was somethin' like you—had all confidence in her boys—let 'em run on the streets at night, and felt sure they'd never go near the saloon. But arter awhile she found eout her mistake. And she found it eout when it was too late, too. Them boys are goin' straight to destruction neow. And if they open a saloon in this taown, I shouldn't wonder if yeour boy'd go that way too. Yeou know the Scripters say, "Let him that thinketh he stands take heed lest he fall."

MRS. DAVIS. I think there should be something in the Scriptures saying, "People should mind their own affairs and not meddle with the affairs of others."

(*Exit* MRS. DAVIS.)

MRS. BOLIVAR. My! She flings eout of the room like as if she was in a bad humor. Wall, she can be in a bad humor if she wants to. I was only talkin' for her own good and for the good of her boy.

ACT II.

SCENE. *A Room.* EDWIN *lying on a sofa asleep.* MRS. DAVIS *and* MRS. BOLIVAR *seated.*

MRS. DAVIS. Oh, Emily, this trouble is weighing heavily upon me. It seems that it will break my heart.

MRS. BOLIVAR. Wall, I s'pose yeou'd sign a petition neow to have the saloon kept eout of the taown. It warn't no use at one time to talk to yeou abeout signin' a petition of that kind. Yeou thought it was somethin' that didn't consarn yeou. But I kalkilate yeou've found eout contrarywise.

MRS. DAVIS. Yes, Emily, I have. I thought that my boy had been brought up in the right way. I had no fears for him, and I thought that if Mr. Stevenson wanted to open a saloon in the village it was a matter that did not concern me.

Mrs. Bolivar. Yas, I mind what yeou said, and yeou snapped me off purty short when I tried to reason the case with yeou. Wall, I don't want to make yeou feel any worse than yeou do neow. But I knowed jest heow it would turn eout. I lived fur a consid'able time in the little taown of Westfield, and they opened a saloon there. Most of the people there were jest like yeou—thought their boys were in no danger, but it warn't long till they found eout heow things were a goin'. Westfield was a purty nice place afore the saloon cum in, but it warn't more'n five years till more'n half the men and boys had got to drinkin' awful, and some of 'em got to be confirmed drunkards, and when I left they were goin' deown to destruction like smoke. One man killed another man right in the saloon, and the place got wuss and wuss, and, finally, I got up and cum away. I couldn't stay in sich a place any longer.

Mrs. Davis. I have bitterly regretted the step I took in regard to the matter.

Mrs. Bolivar. Oh, wall, I wouldn't take on abeout it neow. Of course yeou didn't know heow it was goin' to turn eout. People don't know abeout sich things. Neow, when I lived deown to Westfield there was a similar case there. Peter Simpson was a sort of a big-feelin', self-righteous kind of a man, and he was a pillar in the church, too. And they axed him to do somethin' to stop the perceedins when they talked abeout startin' a saloon in the taown. But Peter wouldn't do nothin'. Jest held up his head like as though saloons nor nothin' else could hurt him. He said as heow if the man wanted to open a saloon let him go ahead—he wouldn't do nothin' to stop him. He said he reckoned the saloon wouldn't hurt nobody if they kept eout of it. But they didn't keep eout of it. The liquor was there, and the people *would* go in and they *would* drink. Peter had two rail smart boys, and they tuck to goin' to the saloon, and they tuck to drinkin' too. Peter

raved abeout it, but it didn't seem to do no kind of good. The demon of drink had got hold of them, and it warn't long till they were common drunkards. Oh, I tell yeou everybody ought to be on the look-eout contin'ally for fear some of their loved ones gits caught and dragged deown to destruction.

MRS. DAVIS. Oh, Emily, it is a fearful curse. I have had no peace since I learned that Edwin had commenced to drink, and if he cannot be reclaimed I fear I shall die of a broken heart. I know I cannot endure it. He is my only child, and how, oh, how can I endure the blow? *(Weeps).*

MRS. BOLIVAR. Wall, I jest know heow it is, and I understand heow yeou feel.

Enter MR. DAVIS.

MR. DAVIS *(striding about).* And so this boy's been drinking again. Well, this sha'n't go on any longer. I'll give him a sound thrashing when he wakes up, and then if he gets drunk again I'll drive him from my house. No boy of mine shall deceive me and disobey me as he has done. *(Angrily).* I'll drive him out. He sha'n't stay here to disgrace himself and me. I'll send him adrift, and let him drink himself into perdition.

MRS. BOLIVAR *(raising her hands).* Oh, James Davis! Be yeou a Christian man or a Hottentot?

MRS. DAVIS. Oh, James, you could not do that!

MR. DAVIS. I can and I will. I have forbidden that boy to go to the saloon. He has disobeyed me again and again. Last night he said he wanted to go to a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. Thinking he was trying to reform, I gave him leave to go. Instead of that, he and another young whelp got a bottle of whiskey, found a room, and drank until they were both drunk—at least Edwin was. (*Striding about*). I'm not to be trifled with. He shall stop his drinking, or he goes forever from under my roof.

(*Exit* MR. DAVIS.)

Mrs. Bolivar. James is goin' areound like a thunder-storm.

Mrs. Davis. Oh, what shall I do?

Edwin (*sitting up on the sofa*). Mother, you need give yourself no further uneasiness. I have heard all that has been said, and I assure you that you will have no further trouble on my account. I have resolved that I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor.

Mrs. Davis (*going to him and taking his hands in hers.*) My dear boy, you have made me so glad! Oh, so glad!

Mrs. Bolivar. But do yeou think yeou can stick to yeour resolution? Yeou know there's been a good many resolutions of that kind made, and when it comes to resolutin' not to drink liquor someheow the resoluters very often fly the track.

Edwin. I know, but I am determined to stand firm. I see myself now in all my hideousness, and I know how I have vexed and worried my mother. I know, too, that I would be driven out from home if I continued to drink. I know that father always means what he says. Let me assure you, mother, you will never again have cause to be worried and troubled about me.

Mrs. Davis. Oh, I am so thankful!

Mrs. Bolivar. So'm I. Neow we'll go and tell James. (*To audience*). But first I want to say, *Beware of the Saloons*, and do all in yeour power to save the young men from their baleful influence.

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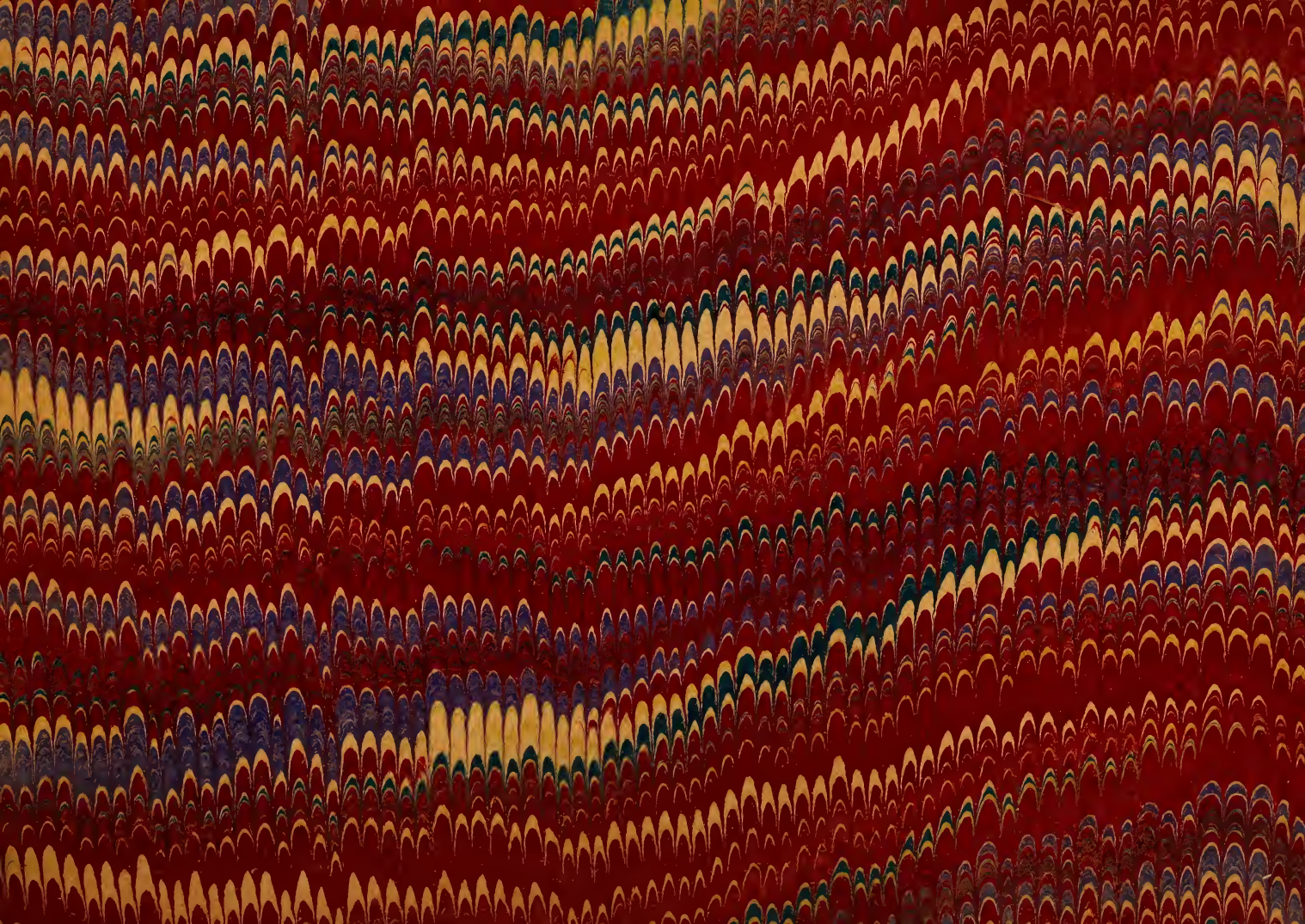
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